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[For the Register.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A Sunday ago by accident I heard, for the first time, a preacher of the Miller or Second Advent sect. The impression upon me was upon the whole pleasant, rather than otherwise; for instead of rant, I had mildness of speech, and instead of ignorant dogmatism, a constant appeal to Scripture authority, all tempered by a modesty which the learned should more often assume even should they not feel.

Of the doctrines of Miller and his followers every body has heard—the most self-complacent and comfortable delusion, since the old and now obsolete doctrine of election. They and only they, if I understand aright, are upon some sudden occasion to be taken into the clouds, there to remain, until this earth be purified by fire—entirely renovated, and filled up anew for their own especial future benefit and behoof,—just as an old aristocratical family removes itself from its ancestral residence for the simple purpose of repairs.

We smile at the eccentricities of these honest men, and yet do not see that in regard to us all of most Protestant sects the old Horatian maxim holds good,—

"Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur."

From causes, directly arising from the voluntary system, and the divorce of church and state, the parent of dissent and fanaticism, religion in America has never been religion properly so called, but rather theology—system-making in the line of religion. A man invents a particular mode of salvation just as he invents a new churn; and all the wonder is that Yankee-like he does not take out a patent. As the most shiftless and clumsy inventions often succeed the best in acquiring a mushroom renown, so the most absurd theological vagaries have generally the greatest run.

I make these statements with scarcely other design than to make them an excuse to myself of similar unlawful and unchristian-like speculations. For whether in, or out of the English Church, I believe it the best to adopt its policy; and to say, religion essentially consists in heartily adopting the Creed, the Lord's, Prayer and the Ten Commandments, leaving to every individual under these three great safeguards of piety, the entire right to indulge in whatever coherent and reasonable theological speculation he has taste or talent for.

Many of Miller's proofs are startling, but even if the doctrine be true, what is it after all but mere theology? Are we outsiders all to perish, because we cannot believe in it, or never have heard of it? Pythagoras and Zoroaster, good men, knew nothing of the Miller creed, nor indeed of ours—happy some might say that they did not.

But if one allows himself thus to theorize in matters and speculation, another should have the same right, which leads me at length to my own proper subject, viz. to inquire of the learned, as a subject of speculation, for it can have no possible religious influence, if there be not some truth in the old world-wide doctrine of a metempsychosis. I know that nothing positive can be known in regard to it: though I think in one or two instances the Bible seems to afford a gleam of it, as John the Baptist appearing as Elijah.

But whence originated this old idea in the East, traversing all classic antiquity and pervading the theology of all Pagan nations,—like the idea of God universal, consciously felt and only subverted in the mind by opposing evidences? Was there ever a time in the past eternities, when God existed singly and alone, without a universe, without beings or matter, upon which to dispense his beneficence? Geology, as well as revelation, teaches that this earth existed before the recorded creation, and when the earth shall be destroyed at the final consummation, all Christians believe that there will issue from this very destruction a new heaven, and a new earth.

Now if the earth exists forever but is occasionally renovated, and science has demonstrated that there is a real transmigration of matter, why should we all so bristle up against this same transmigration in regard to the soul? I cannot here forbear to mention a phenomenon recorded of Burke and Sir Walter Scott—of their recognizing scenes which they were certain they had never before visited as containing familiar objects, such as rocks and trees which they had a dreamy consciousness of having seen before in precisely the same situation—every thing like the repetition of the scenes of some old familiar drama. Words listened to or spoken seemed some strange rehearsal of the past. All this may be poetry or madness, yet the same phenomenon has in earlier life often happened to me. Is it the accidental coincidence of some certain locality with the airy phantasms of a dream, or the vague reminiscence of some previous state of being? Who knows?

But if there is going on perpetually a constant transformation of worlds, which science has all but proved; and a transmigration of matter which is absolutely proved, is not the analogical argument weighty, that there may be a transmigration of souls? Will none answer?

MEDICUS.

AFFLICTIONS. The physician attacks the disease, and not the patient; his object is to cure him whom he causes to suffer. It is thus that God, whose mercy is infinite, chastises us only to bring us into the way of salvation, or to conform our course in it. You are not angry with your physician when he applies the cautery or the knife to your gangrened limb; on the contrary, you can scarcely find language adequate to the expression of your gratitude: you keep repeating that he has saved your life, by preventing the disease from spreading, and you pay him liberally for his attentions. Yet you murmur against the Lord, who tries us only for our good; and you are unwilling to acknowledge that the afflictions with which he visits us, are the only means capable of restoring health to our souls, or of securing the continuance of it, when it is restored to us.—[St. Basil the Great.

"WISER THAN MY TEACHERS."

Some of the conversations of common Christians,—common in the sense of having had only such advantages for growth in grace and doctrinal knowledge as are common to thousands—are among the most suggestive and profitable which we ever enjoyed. We can recall to memory not a few such Christians, of both sexes, of whom we are glad to be learners, and who could teach some things even more successfully than the professionally learned teacher. You may not learn a truth, which you never knew before, or hear for the first time of a duty; but you will learn something about the posture of mind, which will assist you to apply that truth, or enforce that duty, as you could not before have done.

This teaching does not come out in didactic precepts. The lay-brother, or the sister, never once suspects the office he or she is in reality filling. It is done in the way of unconscious development; and is particularly noticeable in the application of Scripture to personal experience. The thoughtful Christian, well-read in the Bible, is one of the best commentators in the world. He brings out a depth and fitness of meaning in connection with his experience, which the written commentary seldom conveys, and which avails more, in the matter of preparing for heaven, than the philology of the most adept critic. "Thou, through thy commandments, hast made me wiser than my teachers; for thy testimonies are my meditation."

A powerful inducement is hence derived to a pastor, to appropriate a due portion of his time to pastoral visitation—how large a portion this should be, he must, of course, be his own judge, taking into view all the circumstances of his position, and his several responsibilities. He goes out among his flock as a teacher, a counsellor, a friend, a comforter. But he is, at the same time, it may be, a favored disciple, taking lessons which rapidly enhance his qualifications for his arduous trust; and possibly, returns to his study with the theme and frame-work of one of his most impressive and useful discourses. For sermons on various branches of Christian casuistry, and experimental religion, this is among the best parts of preparation. It is a source or means of a kind of knowledge, indispensable to the best and most successful discharge of his momentous duties.

While he should discourage everything like gossip and tale-bearing, in his walks among his flock, he may properly encourage them to speak freely of their spiritual joys, trials, conflicts, triumphs, and whatever pertains to their spiritual well being; for this is the kind of intercourse that helps forward both pastor and people in the Christian race. For the latter to *assume* the teacher, would be preposterous, while, without thinking of it, they may utter much which will throw light on his path, and suggest to his watchful mind, what are the most pressing wants of the flock, and the methods by which those wants may be most judiciously and effectually supplied. [Christian Mirror.

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.

The following is an extract from a sermon by Elder Holland, published in the Christian Herald and Messenger. The sermon was delivered before an association of Christian Ministers in New York.

"He who is a minister of God must be unsectarian; otherwise he ceases to be a minister of God, and sinks into a minister of sect. God is not local, is in all places, is universal. His ministers, therefore, are in spirit, one with him; they have a heart which beats in unison with the race; they have the Holy Spirit, which is the Spirit that created the universe, and by it are they in conjunction with an infinitude of goodness. I conceive that it is the minister's vocation to let light into darkness; to open, as of old, the eyes of the blind; to unstop deaf ears, to break open prison doors, to be emancipative agencies to the oppressed spirit! A true ministry would not fail to be God's real voice to mankind on questions of righteousness and duty.

Truth necessarily is the instrument of success. It is more. It is bread to the hungry, and water to the thirsty. It is eyesight to all who would walk. Men are enlightened by causing them to see higher truths. The great concern is, to know truth, and enough of it, to meet the wants of society; to speak this and nothing else. The confidence of Jesus was expressed in these words, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." This always liberates. Masters do not wish their slaves to know much truth, lest it have the effect to awaken their self-regard, and cause them to feel the degradation of their yoke. There is no reason why despots should fear a general enlightenment and culture among their subjects except this, that truth, when known is always a liberating power. God sends Light. This is his glorious minister.

But truth alone, or knowledge in the intellect, is not sufficient. He needs an inspiration from on high, original and fresh. This indefinable life within, is the great essential. Our cold theories are not the best ministers. There needs be a holy flame of love, an inward enjoyment of spirit, a fire of sacred genius that can be lighted up like a sunset at sea. We love the soul that kindles and burns. The Holy Spirit yet enlightens, warms and inspires. The good minister perceives truth; he has love, he is son to the Holy Ghost.

Preaching is peculiar to the Gospel. Mahomedans and Jews do not preach. By preaching, the Gospel was, and is put forth. Some predict that preaching will discontinue, that the press will wholly supplant the clergy. I know not what the future may disclose, but presses can never supply the place of one sent from God, and who has His light and spirit from which to teach. But preaching implies that he who preaches has something to say; and that what he says is not the echo of others. *He* must see and feel the message he gives, or nothing is said to the purpose.

Regarding the end of preaching as spiritual deliverance or salvation, which, in reality, must not fall short of the idea of a full development and growth of the entire faculties of the soul, we may inquire briefly what preaching should be, and what are the sources from which the minister of divine knowledge is permitted to draw. Of course no one mould can be made, into which all should be cast: for now, as of old, there needs be sons of thunder and consolation; those who plant and those who water; bold Peters, argumentative Pauls, and mild and mystical Johns. As in nature there is room enough for zephyrs and for terrible storms, so is there place for variety in the church, for cool discourse and rapturous utterance, for consolation and reproof.

The charge has been brought, more of late years than formerly, that ministers as a class are narrow and behind the age; that their position is not one of free speech, and, is therefore unreal, and tends to insincerity of life. That there are as many poor lawyers and doctors as ministers I imagine to be a safe position; that as many fail to reach an eminent usefulness, and ability in other vocations as in the ministry, will probably not be denied. That there is a partiality, a smallness of contemplation, a narrowness of sympathy, among clergymen as a body I could not deny. For the most part honest in their aims, their education and training have cramped their generosity, have wedded them to standard authors, to a fixed creed and formula, so that they wield only a fragment of their legitimate power. There is no power in conformity and repetition. There must be originality, independence, force. The minister must send forth *his own voice* or he will be unanswered by the depth of soul around him. What is needed is a wider range of thinking, a higher position from which to view things. To decide problems by an ingenious marshalling of texts, can never lead to high ground, or to any important truths. No error so palpably absurd but it easily quotes chapter and verse. It must be in the general tenor, and spirit of the Scriptures, and in the well-known principles of life and nature, that we are to find premises for great conclusions, and not in isolated texts.

CONTROVERSY.

The Editor of the Christian Herald and Messenger, in an article on "Controversies in our Periodicals," presents an important practical truth in a very striking light.

Where has the case been found, that a spirited controversy has not been destructive to a revival of religion?

"The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife."

It is in the united and harmonious labor of ministers and Christians that we may expect the greatest victories of the cross. Is is when the watchmen lift up the voice together, that the Lord restores His people from captivity.

Who could ever think of contending with Christians upon the approach of death? A respected and worthy minister of my former acquaintance, who differed from me in some religious opinions, and from whom I differed just as much as he differed from me, sickened and died of consumption. I several times rode with him, to drive his horse and assist him. One time—perhaps the last time—I rode with him, he remarked, "When we come near to death, things about which Christians disagree appear very differently to us. We then realize their comparative worthlessness." And why should we not endeavor to view those things somewhat in the light in which they will appear to us then! We have little time to improve, none to lose. We may, in a proper time and place, in a kind spirit, give our views upon any and all subjects, it is true. But there is danger of letting trifling things take too much time and thought, and neglecting the things that are all-important.

WHAT HAS POPERY DONE?

You (Jesuits) claim the liberty to instruct.—For some centuries you have held in your hands, at your discretion, at your school, under your ferule, two great nations—Italy and Spain, illustrous among the illustrious; and what have you done with them? I am going to tell you. Thanks to you, Italy, of which none can think, none even pronounce her name without inexpressible filial grief—Italy, that mother of genius and of nations, which has diffused over the whole world the most astonishing productions of poetry and art—Italy, which has taught our race to read, does not to-day know how to read herself! Yes, Italy has, of all the States of Europe, the smallest number of native inhabitants who are able to read! Spain, magnificently endowed—Spain, which received from the Romans her first civilization, from the Arabians her second civilization, from Providence, and in spite of you, a world—America; Spain has lost—thanks to you, thanks to your brutal yoke, which is a yoke of degradation—Spain has lost that secret of her power, which she received from the Romans, that genius in the arts which she received from the Arabs, that world which God gave her. And in exchange for what you made her lose, what has she received? She has received the *Inquisition*. The Inquisition, which certain men of a certain party are endeavoring to-day to re-establish with a modest timidity for which I honor them. The Inquisition which has burned upon the funeral pile five millions of men. *Read history.* The Inquisition which exhumed the dead, in order to burn them as heretics. Witness Urgel, and Arnault, Count of Foleralquier. The Inquisition, which declares children heretics even to the second generation. It is true, in order to console Spain for what you have taken from her, that you have surnamed what you have given her Catholic. Ah, do you know you have drawn from one of the greatest men that dolorous cry which accuses you, "I would much rather that Spain should be great than that she should be Catholic!" See what you have done with that focus of light which you call Italy. You have extinguished it. That Collossus which you call Spain, you have undermined. The one is in ruins, the other in ashes. See what you have done for these two great nations.—[Victor Hugo.

CHINESE DESCRIPTION OF THE EARTH.

Another evidence that the people of China are beginning to open their eyes upon the outside world is the fact that they have at last commenced studying geography. Heretofore, the millions have been made to believe that the Celestial Empire was not only the principal part of the terrestrial sphere, but that the sun and moon were the especial, if not exclusive, ministers of light and heat to their relatives of the Flowery Kingdom. The study of geography is about to extinguish some of these stars in their poetical firmament, and give them a practical realization of some of the more opaque planets that shed their borrowed light upon the earth. They have now, thanks to the facilities of travel, and the expansion of intercourse, a genuine maker of geographies, who is disposed to tell them all he knows about other countries than China.

The Missionary Herald for July contains a letter from Mr. Peet, giving a full account of a new Chinese geography, written by the lieutenant-governor of the Fuh-Chau province, and recommended by the governor-general as worthy of confidence and patronage. It was commenced four or five years ago, while the author held a subordinate station at Amoy, and published soon after his promotion to his present high office. It is written in the Chinese character, and makes ten volumes, which, says Mr. Peet, correspond, as to length, more nearly to our chapters. In the first three, the figure of the earth is noticed, the use of maps stated, and the countries of Asia, excepting China, which "is too well known to require further accounts," described. One volume is devoted to Africa, two to America, and the other four to Europe.

The author gives a particular account of the discovery of America, the general features of the continent, its inhabitants, original and European, and of the situation, extent, mountains, rivers, &c., of the United States. Of the maps, forty-two in number, they are pronounced in the introduction as "correct outlines of those made by western men." First among them is the map of China, as that country "is the head." It is stated that "western men have *also* written annals in great abundance," and that "countries lying to the west and north have been described by western men." The author seems to have a good opinion of these "western men," with some of whom, particularly Mr. Abeel, the missionary, he has had frequent conversations, but he complains of the difficulties arising from language.

"It is very difficult to distinguish the names of western countries. Ten men would be likely to give as many different words for the same thing, and the same man will give at first a different word from what he does subsequently, because, in western languages, the same sound does not have two words, while in Chinese the same sound may have several tens of words. In western languages two or three letters unite in forming one sound, but the Chinese language has no such elements as these. Hence, in using the Chinese characters to express foreign words, it is not possible for more than seven or eight tenths of them to harmonize. Western men, residing in the Canton province, and using the vulgar dialect, cannot express the correct sounds of the mandarin. Western men are not able to distinguish in mandarin many words which have different tones. The languages of western nations are not the same and are not uniform. The English use fewer words in translating into Chinese than the Portuguse. Foreign names of persons and places seldom consist of single words, but often include eight or ten. This is ungrateful to the author, as well as to his readers, but, he has endeavored to mark and dot these names so as to apprize the reader and prevent misapprehension."

Mr. Peet says, the work is interesting to foreigners, as showing what the Chinese think, and how they write about us; as indirectly admitting and confirming the correctness of our chronology, as well as the superiority of our histories over theirs; as exhibiting a more definite and discriminating view of the different religions of the world than has yet appear in the Chinese language, as furnishing a medium, through which the light and blessings of Christianity may find access to the millions of benighted China. He then proceeds to give extensive translations illustrating these points. We copy a few of them:

THE EARTH AND ITS FROZEN OCEANS.

"We knew in respect to a northern frozen ocean, but in respect to a southern frozen ocean we had not heard. So that when western men produced maps having a frozen ocean at the extreme south, we supposed that they had made a mistake in not understanding the Chinese language, and had placed that in the south which should have been placed on the north. But on inquiry of an American, one Abeel, he said that this doctrine was verily true, and should not be doubted.

"A large portion of the Kwang-tung (Canton) and Fuh-keen provinces lies within the northern hwangtaou, (tropic,) and compared with the northern provinces, the cold and heat are very different. Proceeding south, the heat increases till (as was formerly supposed, not knowing the sun's path to be the earth's centre) you reach the south pole, where the stones, fused by the heat, pour down a golden stream!

"From Fuh-keen and Kwang-tung, men going south five or six thousand le, come to the island of Borneo, a part of which lies directly under the chih-taou, (equator,) and where the winter is like our summer. Again, going south and west to the southern extremity of Africa, hail and snow are to be seen. So proceeding west and south to Patagonia, of South America, near the southern hih-taou (polar-circle,) there we meet with constant snow and ice. Thus, heat and cold; and, therefore, they speak of the region of the south pole as being a frozen ocean. Why should Chinamen doubt, since their vessels have not gone a great distance, and since the Fuh-keen and Kwang-tung provinces are the extremity of their country? It is a mistake to suppose the chih-taou to be the south pole. Truly we ought to hear this explanation and believe it.

THE UNITED STATES.

"At first, the English took possession of North America, drove out the nations, and cultivated the fertile land. Emigrants from the three islands (England) settled the country. Englishmen flowed thither like water. People from France, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, who had no estates at home, embarked in ships and removed there, daily opening the country, and preparing the rich soil for cultivation. The English appointed officers to be located at the cities and towns on the sea-coast, to levy taxes for the use of government. Trade was flourishing, and wealth was rapidly acquired.

"During Keen-lung
ed A. D. 1735, and clos
for several years be
French. Every place w
continued to increase.
the importer of tea alone
the English issued an order that the purchaser should also pay a tax on the same article. The Americans refused to do this, and, in the fortieth year of Keen-lung, (A. D. 1775,) the chief men and elders assembled and requested an audience and consultation with the governor, who refused. The taxes continued to press still more heavily, till the people were enraged, entered the ship and cast its cargo of tea overboard. They then consulted and raised a force against the English.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"There was at that time a Washington, an American of another province, born in the ninth year of Yung-Ching, (A. D. 1732.) His father died when he was but ten years old. He was then trained up by his mother. When small, he had great views both in regard to civil and military affairs, and excelled in strength and courage. Washington held a commission in the war of the English against the French, led out his troops against the native plunderers at the south, and successfully subdued them. But the English general did not report his worthy deeds. His countrymen, notwithstanding, wished him to be appointed to an office over them, but sickness compelled him to retire within doors, so that he did not go out.

"At the time when all the people rebelled against the English, they pressed Washington to become their general. He then immediately entered on his office. Without arms, ammunition, or provisions, Washington stimulated his countrymen to action by a righteous spirit. He pitched his camp near the provincial city, (Boston.) At the same time, the English general had collected his ships of war just outside of the city. Suddenly, a great wind arose and scattered them. Washington attacked and took possession of the city. Afterward, the English general collected his forces and drove Washington from his position. At this his soldiers were greatly terrified, and wished to be disbanded; but he, with the same spirit as at first, having collected and united his army, again attacked the English with success. From that time, during eight years of bloody conflict, while his army was often reduced and weakened, Washington's spirit was undiminished, and the English army had become old. The French raised an army and crossed the sea, and joined Washington against the English. Spain and Holland with their armies admonished peace. [!] The English, unable to oppose, concluded a treaty with Washington, by which the northern part, a cold country, was given up to them, while the southern part, a fertile region, reverted to him.

"Washington, having established the kingdom, disbanded his army, and desired to return to the business of husbandry; but all were unwilling, and urged him to become their ruler. In reply, before the assembly, Washington said: 'To obtain a kingdom for one's self, to transmit to his posterity, is selfish. In becoming the people's shepherd, such ought to be chosen to this office as have virtue.' As to Washington, he was an uncommon man. He conquered more rapidly than Shing and Kwang, and in courage he was superior to Tsaou and Lew—(men of much renown in Chinese history.) Seizing the two-edged sword of three cubits long, he opened the country ten thousand le. He then refused to receive a title, or to secure one for his posterity, preferring to establish an elective administration. Patriotism to be commended under the whole heaven! Truly, like the three dynasties! (Hea, Shang, and Chou, mostly included in the traditional history of the Chinese, previous to the age of Confucius.) In administering the government, he fostered virtuous customs, and avoiding war, made his country superior, to all other nations. I have seen his portrait. His countenance exhibits great mental power. Ah! who would not call him an uncommon man!

PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

"The Americans are all descendants of Europeans, mostly from England, Holland and France. Of these three kingdoms, those from England are far the most numerous, and, therefore, their language and customs are the same as those of the English. The emigrants received their land for cultivation from the aborigines, where they were willing; and where they were unwilling they removed to other places. Their merchants and mechanics are all white men. They are mild and kind in disposition, but considerate and skilful in trade. They navigate the 'four seas.' They all receive Ya soo kaou, [i. e., are all Protestants.] They are fond of making their religion a matter of conversation and of instruction. Their schools are everywhere. Their learned men are divided into three classes: ministers, physicians, and lawyers. The first class give themselves to astronomy, geography, and the doctrines of the Yasoo; the second to the healing of diseases, and the third to the administration of the laws."

This is all we have room for at present. There is in the book a recognition of all the important events in our Scripture history, and a tolerably correct presentation made to the Chinese of the different systems of religion.

[For the Register.]

Hast ever seen wind-wafted seed,
Dropp'd low in shady dell,
All silently awake to life,
As if by magic's spell?—

Hast ever weighed each little word,
Breath-wafted on the air?
And sought to know, of good or ill,
The import it would bear?—

As from the little seed, there springs
The bright-hued, heaven-sent flower—
So *gentle words, their* fruitage yield,
Joy gilding many an hour.

M. C.

GROWING BETTER.

"Is the world growing better or worse?" We insist that it is growing better. No one evil exists to so great an extent in proportion to the whole population, as it did forty years ago, or twenty five years ago. Forty years being the whole period within our recollection. There is less drunkenness, and more opposition to intemperance and its causes. There is less war and less of the war spirit, and more opposition to war and the spirit of war. There is less quarrelling, brawling, and fist-fighting than there used to be. We can remember when a man who would take an insult without fighting in the street was shunned and despised as a coward, a mean fellow; now, he who thus fights is covered with disgrace. There is less licentiousness and more out-spoken opposition to that which exists. We can remember when it was worth a minister's reputation to lecture against this sin, but now the pulpit thunders and the press repeats the echo. Time has been when the innocent could be betrayed, seduced and ruined with impunity, or at least the perpetrator was subjected to a small pecuniary loss in the shape of damage for doing what is beyond repair, and for taking what is above price. Now, those who can be proved guilty of the same offence, in this, and some other States, find a home in the State's prison. There is less slavery and more opposition to that which remains, and but a few doubt that the days of slavery are numbered, and that its end hasteneth. [True Wesleyan.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—Cook had not then navigated the South Seas; Polynesia and Australia were names unknown to geography; no Humboldt had then climbed the Andes; the valley of the Mississippi had not been explored; no European traveller had ascended the Nile beyond the first cataract; the Niger was wholly veiled in mystery; and the Brahmapootra was unknown, even by name, among the rivers of India. The languages and dialects of the Eastern world were as little known as the physical aspect and phenomena of the countries. No Sir William Jones had arisen to set the example of Oriental scholarship as a polite accomplishment; the Sanscrit had as yet attracted no attention from western philologists; the Holy Scriptures had been translated into few vernacular dialects, except those of Western Europe; no Carey or Morrison, no Martyn or Judson, had girded themselves to the task of mastering those languages which had hitherto defied, like an impenetrable rampart, all attempts to gain access to the mind of India and China. A hundred years ago, there was neither Protestant Missionary Societies nor Protestant Missions, save only those which had been formed for the propagation of the Gospel in the American Colonies, the Danish Missions in Southern India, and the Moravian Missions in Greenland and South Africa. In fact, the obstacles to success in almost every part of the world, arising from the ascendancy and intolerance of the Papal, Mohammedan, and Pagan powers, added to the deficiency of our knowledge and the poverty of our resources, would have proved little short of insurmountable. [London Patriot.

Night.

BY BLANCO WHITE.

MYSTERIOUS NIGHT! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came;
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

PEACE CONGRESS AT FRANKFORT. This great meeting is now definitely settled. The German Senate have given in writing their full authorization for holding the Congress, and in the most courteous manner complied with the application made for their permission. An active committee is also formed for making the arrangements, both for the meetings of the Congress and the hotel accommodation of the delegates and visitors who will attend it. Some of the most eminent men in Frankfort, including a member of the Senate, are on the committee, and have engaged to do their utmost to secure efficiency to the Congress. From various parts of Germany and the Continent adhesions to the Congress have been sent in, and the interest felt in the undertaking is widely spreading. This Congress, judging from present appearances, will be the most important one yet held. The sittings of the Congress will commence on the 22nd of August, and careful arrangements were making to convey the English delegates and visitors from London on the 19th of August. The movement has already secured a large amount of attention, and the friends of Peace throughout Europe are manifesting deep interest in the enterprise.

"THEOLOGY OF THE UNKNOWN."—The above was the theme of Rev. Dr. Barnes, in his late address before the Society for Theological Inquiry, at Dartmouth College. A listener to this discourse says, "it was spoken of in terms of high admiration." He thus describes it:—"Dr Barnes aimed to draw the line up to which all is clear and legitimate in human reasoning, and beyond which all reason fails. His main object was to show the tendencies of contemporary theology. The points were, that the mind of the present age is too much disposed, 1st. To wonder why the Bible is what it is; 2d. That too much is conceded to science; 3d. There is too much prying into the future; 4th. The undue compassion of the times, as manifested in reference to capital punishment and other subjects; 5th. The transcendental tendency; 6th. Bad reasoning—weak, antique, transcendental, &c. On some of these the address was quite pungent and severe. [Watchman.

MR. EVERETT'S REMARKS

AT THE EXAMINATION OF THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL.

We find in the *Chronicle*, published at Cambridge, the Remarks made by Mr. Everett at a recent examination of a High School in that place. They are so admirable, that we wonder they have not received a larger circulation than they appear to have done. We insert the whole Address, with the exception of an introductory paragraph, commendatory of the School, and possessing only a local interest. As one of the best answers to many of the common criticisms on Harvard College, we would direct the attention of our readers to the comparison between what the community does for that institution, and what is done in a single town for Common Schools.

The worthy chairman of the Committee alluded to the University in this place; and as he made the allusion, the thought crossed my mind, to institute a comparison of the expense with which the University and the public schools of Cambridge are supported. It may enable us to realize how great an effort is made by the citizens of Cambridge to support their public schools. The annual expenditure for the support of our schools exceeds twenty thousand dollars, without including the building and repair of schoolhouses. Last year it was twenty-one thousand dollars. Now the University, as we all know, is by far the oldest and best endowed in the country; but the whole annual income of its funds applicable to the business of instruction, (I speak of Harvard College proper, and not of the professional and scientific schools connected with the University,) is less than that sum. All that the liberality of the State and the bounty of individuals for two centuries have accumulated on this favored seat of learning, in the shape of funds for carrying on the work of instruction, (and I do not include the cost of buildings, cabinets, and libraries in reference to the University, as I have not included the cost of school-houses, apparatus, and libraries in reference to the Schools,) does not yield so large a sum annually, as the city of Cambridge appropriates to support this system of common school education. The residue of the expense at the University,—being rather more than one half of the whole,—is defrayed by the term bills of the students. At the schools every thing is gratuitous.

But, my friends, we will not say any thing more of figures and sums of money on this occasion, but allude to those attainments in useful knowledge, "whose price is far above rubies." If the sum laid out by Cambridge and the other cities and towns of the Commonwealth which make liberal provision for schooling, were ten times as great as it is, it would be amply repaid in the benefits conferred on individuals and the advantage accruing to the public. Our little State of Massachusetts covers about eight thousand square miles. Not much of the soil is of high fertility; we have no mines of the precious metals and little coal or iron; our climate is too severe or otherwise not adapted for any of the great agricultural staples, except Indian corn; and yet we have a population of a million. If the State of Texas were inhabited in the same proportion to the square mile, her population would equal that of the whole United States. At least I made a calculation some years ago, at the time of the first talk of annexation, that, according to the boundaries then claimed by Texas, she was twenty-six times as large as Massachusetts. How it would be with her present boundaries I do not know; I am not sure that she has any.

Well, Sir, what is it that has led to this result, as far as Massachusetts is concerned? What has enabled our noble little State, on her rocks and her sands, and within her narrow limits,—to rear and to support this rapidly increasing population? what enables her, besides constantly sending forth a swarm of emigrants,—to keep at home a population far greater, in proportion to her size, than that of any other State?

I take it that this result is mainly owing to the general intelligence of the community, promoted by many causes and influences, but mainly by the extension of the means of education to all the people. On this rock the corner stone of the infant settlement was laid; (I speak of human things) on this it has ever rested. I do not wish to claim any thing for Massachusetts which is not strictly her due. I cheerfully concede to other States the possession, in some respects, of superior advantages. I acknowledge much that is good in all. I bear cheerful testimony to the liberal efforts that have been made by some of them, and especially Connecticut and New York, in this same good cause; but may I not claim for Massachusetts the palm in this respect? If the Genius of our common America should cast his eye over this great sisterhood of States, to see what they have done respectively for the education of their children, would he not apostrophize Massachusetts, and say "many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all"?

But I do not wish to overstate the matter, and to ascribe too much to popular education as the cause of prosperity. A great many other things, I know, have contributed to it. We have a temperate climate; our winters brace, while our summers are not long enough to enervate. Our soil, if not very fertile, no where generates disease. An extensive sea-board furnishes great facilities for commerce. Our granite and gravel make capital roads, and the former is an excellent material building. Our abundant water-power holds out great inducements to manufacturers. Then there are political and moral causes of prosperity of vast importance; free popular government, which extends an equal protection to all; a greater degree of practical equality than exists in any other highly civilized country; a traditional respect for the law; a high state of public morals; a pervading religious sentiment. All these are eminently conducive to the public prosperity. But I need not say, that some of these influences owe their existence to the intelligence which education has diffused and fostered in the community, and that all of them operate through that intelligence. Yes, Sir, it is the intelligence of a people that makes its natural advantages available.

There are other regions of the earth as highly favored as our State in all natural endowments. If you take a terrestrial globe and turn it round, so that every part of its surface which lies in the same latitude,—this precious forty-second degree, (for our narrow little state does not in any part, I believe, run up to the forty-third or down to the forty-first, and for the most part does not fully cover the forty-second; the boys will correct me if I am wrong;) or, to make the comparison fairer, if you take, not the same latitude, but the isothermal lines that give the same climate as ours, and turn the globe round till every part of its surface which lies between them comes up to the brazen meridian, you will find many a spot equalling, some surpassing, Massachusetts in natural advantages, none exceeding her in prosperity;—some regions you will find, as the globe revolves beneath your eye, as favorably circumstanced as ourselves as to position, climate, and soil; but inhabited by degenerates or savage races—by tribes that never emerged into civilization or have sunk into barbarity.

But you may ask, while you perceive this contrast, is it possible that it could be caused by education; and much of the difficulty which you will perhaps find in agreeing to the answer would vanish, if you would but look upon education, in the full comprehension of the idea, as the *drawing out*, the *training up* of the intellectual principle in man; the divine principle which makes him what he is. Till this is done, man is but a superior animal—hardly even that. There are among the abject and benighted races alluded to by the young gentleman (S. L. Cutter,) who has just given us such a handsome valedictory address, some specimens of humanity so sunk in the scale as hardly to equal a thorough bred horse or a well trained Newfoundland dog. At best, the purely sensual man is but a piece of painted baching clay. But awaken the spiritual nature, kindle the intellectual and moral spark, and he starts up a Newton or a Washington—a being but little lower than the angels.

But you ask again can common school education do this?—and I answer fearlessly, it can and does. I certainly cannot on this occasion, and in the few minutes' time still left me, undertake to treat this mighty theme in all its bearings, but I do not despair, even in a few sentences, of suggesting to you the great points of the argument. I will take school education in its common, simple acceptance, as confined to reading and writing (in which I include speaking and composition,) arithmetic, and the elements of natural philosophy; and I believe the extension to a whole community of the means of obtaining such an education without cost, is sufficient to effect all I ascribe to it. It is scarcely necessary to say, that I do not, in these statements, hold up education as a *creative* cause. I take into the account the spontaneous co-operation of the mysterious principle of intelligence, with all its perceptive faculties, bestowed and quickened by the author of our being; just as the farmer, when he describes the effect of the various processes of husbandry, includes the co-operation of those inscrutable principles of vegetable growth, which philosophy strives in vain to analyse, but without which not an ear of corn is ripened.

With this explanation I say, sir, that common reading and writing, that is, in a word, the use of language as a system of visible and audible signs of thought, is the great prerogative of our nature as rational beings. I say that when we have acquired the mastery of this system of audible and visible signs, we have done the greatest thing, as it seems to me, as far as intellect is concerned, which can be done by a rational man. It is so common that we do not much reflect upon it; but like other common things, it hides a great mystery of our nature. When we have learned how, by giving an impulse with our vocal organs to the air—by making a few black marks on a piece of paper,—to establish a direct sympathy between our invisible and spiritual essence and that of other men, so that they can see and hear what is passing in our minds, just as if thought and feeling themselves were visible and audible,—not only so, when in the same way we establish a communication between mind and mind in ages and countries the most remote, we have wrought a miracle of human power and skill, which I never reflect upon without awe. Can we realize, sir, that in this way we have, through the medium of the declamation of these children, been addressed this morning by Demosthenes and Cicero, by Burke and Fox? Well, sir, all this is done by writing, reading, and speaking. It is a result of these simple operations When you tell me a boy has learned to read, you tell me that he has entered into an intellectual partnership not only with every living contemporary, but with every mind ever created, that has left a record of itself on the pages of science and literature,—and when he has learned to write, he has acquired the means of speaking to generations and ages, that will exist a thousand years hence. It all comes back to the use of language. The press, the electric telegraph are only improvements in the mode of communication. The wonderful thing is that the mysterious significance of thought—the invisible action of spirit,—can be embodied in sounds and signs addressed to the eye and ear. Instead of wondering that among speaking, writing, and reading men you have occasionally a Shakspeare, a Bacon, or a Franklin, my wonder is to see these boys and girls, after a few years' training, able to express, in written marks and spoken sounds, the subtlest shades of thought, and that in two or three languages

The next branch of common school education is arithmetic, the science of numbers, the elements of mathematics. This is in reality a branch of the great department of language, a species of composition;—but of so peculiar a nature as to constitute a separate science. This is another of the great master keys of life. With it the astronomer opens the depths of the heavens;—the engineer, the gates of the mountains;—the navigator, the pathways of the deep. The skilful arrangement,—the rapid handling of figures, is a perfect magician's wand. The mighty commerce of the United States, foreign and domestic, passes through the books kept by some thousands of diligent and faithful clerks. Eight hundred bookkeepers, in the Bank of England, strike the monetary balances of half the civilized world. Their skill and accuracy in applying the common rules of arithmetic are as important as the enterprise and capital of the merchant or the industry and courage of the navigator. I look upon a well-kept ledger with something of the pleasure with which I gaze on a picture or a statue. It is a beautiful work of art. It is by arithmetical rules, and geometrical diagrams, and algebraical formulæ, that the engineer digs an underground river-channel for an inland lake, and carries a stream of fresh water into every house in a crowded capital. Many a slate full of vulgar fractions has been figured out, to enable our neighbors in Boston to sip a glass of Cochituate;—and I suppose, sir, a good many of the citizens of Cambridge think it is pretty nearly time that we should go to work on the same sum.

Then come the elements of natural philosophy and natural science, the laws of organic and inorganic nature, of which something is taught in our common schools, is it wonderful that a community, in which this knowledge is diffused, should multiply itself a hundred fold? I mean is it wonderful that one well taught man should do the work of uninstructed thousands? Mythology tells us of Briareus with his hundred hands, and Argus with his hundred eyes;—but these are only faint images of the increased strength and sharpened vision which knowledge imparts to the well educated. Mr. Agassiz sees a great deal more with his two eyes, than Argus did with his hundred. Mr. Bond beholds a satellite of Neptune in the

still higher praise. They owe indeed very much of their efficiency, as institutions where useful knowledge is to be acquired, to their being well governed: in truth no valuable progress in learning can be made in a disorderly school. I do not mean this as a sentimental reflection, but as a positive practical fact. I would appeal to any candid teacher, and to any observant school committee man, whether he ever knew or heard of such a thing as a well-taught school, which was not also a well-governed school;—or, to state it the other way, whether he ever knew such a thing as a disorderly, insubordinate, and, consequently, disaffected school, where any satisfactory progress was made in learning. For this reason, Mr. Smith, I think the excellent spirit which prevails in your school is its highest praise. I do not call it a well governed, but a well regulated, a well organized school. There is no need of bringing in the idea of government, where there is a friendly feeling between the teachers and the great mass of the scholars,—where compulsion is seldom named and still more seldom applied,—where the great majority are well disposed and keep each other in countenance,—and the instructors are sure of the support and cheered by the affection of their pupils.

I make but one more remark, sir, and that addressed to our young friends. They have just reached the end of a laborious term, and are about to begin the holidays. Let me caution them against studying too hard in vacation. After the fatigues of three months at school, I have no idea of young folks going to work for eight or ten hours a day at home. I hope your fathers and mothers will not permit it. If you insist upon a half an hour or so in the morning, and as much more in the afternoon and evening, by way of amusement, I do not know that I should greatly object; but take care to have a right good time, and come back at the end of the holidays, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, ready to engage with eagerness, in the duties of the new term.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, August 31, 1850.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE SCRIPTURES.

There are those who seem to think it surprising that there should be any difficulties in the Bible. They expect all religious truth to be made plain to them without thought or trouble on their part; and much of the common skeptical reasoning proceeds on the assumption that if any portion of the Scriptures is embarrassed by difficulties, not only that portion, but the whole volume beside is valueless. Because there may be difficulties connected with the book of Chronicles or Jonah, it is assumed that the teachings of Christ have no authority. Let us see whether this is a reasonable view; or rather let us consider how far the expectation of finding no difficulties in the Bible, (assuming it to contain a revelation,) is reasonable.

We say, that on all accounts, the expectation is most unreasonable. We are to expect difficulties, and very numerous difficulties. How could it be otherwise? In a book like the Bible, its different parts written at intervals during fifteen hundred years, in languages no longer spoken, by men growing up under a civilization so unlike our own, treating briefly of events well understood at the time, but needing, for our understanding of them, that setting of circumstances which originally environed them, and using, too, the bolder idioms of an oriental and picturesque language, a book containing history, biography, and proverb and psalm and prophecy, and then read by us eighteen centuries later—like an ancient Palimpsest, through the handwriting, the customs and associations of these intervening ages—in such a book we are to expect difficulties. The only wonder is that important difficulties are so few. It is one evidence of the essential truth of the Bible—of its corresponding to the actual facts of universal human nature—that the difficulties are so few, and, in general, so unimportant. Take up any other Oriental work, and it is almost unintelligible. It is cased all over with the peculiarities of the age when it was written. What was peculiar to the time, constitutes the substance of the work. But in the Bible, truths which are universal as man, make up the substance, while what was peculiar to the time, is only the form or illustration. It is this which in part gives it its adaptation to all times. We feel that it addresses itself to us, as much as it did to the Jews. In those descriptions of God, which tower above and enlighten our highest conceptions; in those Psalms, which, better than any other writings, express the profoundest emotions of the devout heart; in those moral laws, whose binding authority is more deeply felt with every successive age; in those revelations which never grow obsolete, but rise like the morning over each new generation, we see more than the productions of a repeater of legends, the songs of a poet, or the dreams of an enthusiast. Whatever the accompanying difficulties, there is here a vast and solid basis of sublimest truth.

But still there are difficulties. Some of them grow out of the nature of the general subject. Were the minds of men simple, pure and true, nothing would be more intelligible than the grandest truths of religion. But our minds are not simple, pure and true. They are filled and clouded by passions and follies, and all the distorting mists of an unholy self-will. Heaven's light does not shine in directly, but is reflected and refracted through masses of clouds; and we complacently attribute to the Bible those difficulties which are occasioned solely by our own badly ordered hearts.

We are to expect difficulties in the Bible. Why not? We find them in every thing else which comes from God. Nature comes from the same Being as revelation. Man's well-being is made very dependent on a just understanding of the laws of nature—the laws of health—the laws of the mind—the law of social progress—the laws of the outward world. Has God, therefore, made the laws of nature so very obvious and intelligible? What is all this Physical Science, but the product of the slow, toilsome, often baffled labor of men to understand the laws of nature. And when understood by a few, do they at once become entirely intelligible to the many? It is difficult to understand these material laws. Why should we expect it to be more easy to understand those spiritual laws to which religion directs attention? Certainly no man of science would expect it. He has abundant experience of the fact that, for some reason, God has often made truths of the greatest moment matters of difficult discovery. He has often made it difficult to separate them from the alloys with which they are mingled; and what is more; both the material and spiritual philosopher know that no small part of the best spiritual and mental discipline of life is connected with the efforts made to reach these truths.

But revelation, you say, creates difficulties. Not so. Why are we free from the difficulties that weighed like night on the ancient world? It is revelation which has removed them. Does any one think that religious difficulties would be done away, by being rid of the Bible? Would there then remain no questions about man's nature and destiny, about duty, futurity and God? Without the Bible, the world, so far as spiritual knowledge is concerned, would go backward half its age, and we should find ourselves sitting under the shadows that overhung Greece and Egypt. Nearly all the light we have, of any worth, comes from the Scriptures. To think of getting rid of the difficulties which perplex human speculation, by being rid of the Bible, is as if, on a dangerous coast, mariners should think to get rid of the peril by pulling down the light-house.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

Williamstown is probably the most beautifully situated town in the Commonwealth. It lies in an elevated oval basin, so completely embosomed by the Berkshire mountains, as to present from within no visible mode of exit, except by climbing over its rim. A street of unusual breadth, two thirds of it given up to grass, and profusely planted with noble trees, is flanked by neat houses and rich gardens, with the ancient church facing the traveller as he enters from hitherward. The College buildings are as ugly as those at Cambridge, with the exception of the new Library, Lawrence Hall,—a name which involves the entire history of the building. This is an octagonal structure, with the alcoves so arranged around the wall, that the librarian, as he sits at the centre, can have them all within the range of his vision.

The officers of the college are few; but they all men of superior abilities and attainments, of mature scholarship and indefatigable industry,—all of them too, it is believed, consistently and devotedly Christian men, who feel their responsibility for the religious, no less than the mental culture of their pupils. President Hopkins is too well known as one of the ablest writers of New England to need our special commendation. His brother, the Professor of Astronomy and Natural Philosophy, has few equals, as an observer and a teacher in his own extensive department, while his whole character is such as to elicit the reverence and affection of all who are brought into intercourse with him. The other professors belong in mind and heart to the same elevated plane which these brothers occupy, and we should do wrong to select either for peculiar commendation. If they are not extensively known, it is because they give themselves with such concentration of aim and effort to their College duty, that they will not enter the list for fame beyond their immediate sphere.

The President is himself the chief teacher. He takes the Freshman class under his tuition, during their first term, and makes it his object to become thoroughly acquainted with the capacity and character of every member, and to place himself in the attitude of their confidential adviser and friend. During the portion of their course when they do not recite to him, he keeps them individually under his eye, visits them at their rooms, interests himself in their progress, and stands to them in the place of a parent. In the Senior year they again become his pupils, and almost exclusively so during their last term, so that it is his business, as it has been well said by a friend of the College, "both to forge and finish." This is as it should be. If the President is indeed the first officer of the College in talent, reputation, and character, he should not be suffered to waste his time in details which a clerk could perform as well, but should make himself felt as an instructer. We are aware that in an institution like Harvard or Yale, there are many external interests, of which the President must be the guardian, but he ought to be relieved from all such cares and services as could be imposed on a functionary of inferior grade, and placed in a position in which his chief duty shall be the formation of the minds and characters of the students.

We have attended the last two commencements of Williams College, and have regarded the services as possessed of extraordinary merit. There is, perhaps, less of mere rhetorical polish than at Harvard, but we have never listened to similar performances that exhibited so much individuality, manliness, independent thought, sound judgment, and wide compass of general knowledge. We have never seen greater evidence that College students had learned to think and reason. We have never known so large a proportion of the performances, to which older men might listen for their own sakes, and not as the mere favorers and patrons of the graduating class. We have been deeply impressed with the marks of thorough training, and of the highest, purest moral and religious influence in the young men of this college, and rejoice in bearing this humble testimony to the merits of an institution so secluded as to be less known, perhaps, than any similar seminary in New England; and yet, in everything but the extensiveness of its apparatus, deserving to occupy a place second to none.

LAY NUNNERIES.

The *Beguines*, to whom Southey refers in the following extract, are females, who without having bound themselves to obey the rules of a order, or taken upon themselves any monastic vows, are unitedin societies for religious and charitable purposes. They live together in houses often founded or enriched by donations, which are called *beguinages*. They are principally to be found in the Netherlands, though some few still exist in Germany. They are in a manner lay sisters of charity, living in retirement, and devoting themselves to benevolent labors and the education of children.

We have often wished that there were such institutions in this country, and we are glad to suggest the idea under the protection of such a name as Southey's. There are always among us more or less of unmarried females and widows without children, who never intend to form marriage connections. Oftentimes, with few relatives or friends, they are very much alone in the world, while at the same time, possessing active minds and benevolent hearts, they have almost nothing to do. It is difficult for them to make or find employments which satisfy their desire or capacity for usefulness. In many cases they have been brought up tenderly and are peculiarly unfitted for entering alone into the struggle of life, and frequently their lot is made harder to bear, by limited means of support. Could such persons be brought together into institutions, in which they might find sympathy and support from each other in works of charity, we are persuaded it would be greatly for their own happiness, as well as the good of society. It is by no means a course of life which we would recommend indiscriminately to all. Those single women who have homes in the midst of affectionate kindred, are already in a position as favorable as any for happy and useful lives. We have known many such, the ornaments of their sex, the light of their homes, the sunshine and joy of aged parents, a bond between scattered brothers and sisters, second parents to innumerable nephews and nieces, and beyond this circle even, going abroad on daily missions of kindness and mercy. They go through the world like sunbeams, as noiseless, but bearing with them into every scene into which they enter, warmth and light. But among the unmarried, there must always be more or less, whose hearts are full of gracious affections, who have no such family circles around them, and who are without the occupations, which are as essential to women as to men, and these, it seems to us, might find the sympathy, the occupation, the opportunity of usefulness which they need, in Lay Nunneries.

The extract which follows is from a letter by Southey to Sharon Turner, the Historian:—

"You have thrown a new light upon the York and Lancaster age of our history, by showing the connection of these quarrels with the incipient Spirit of Reformation. I wish we had reformed the monastic institutions instead of overthrowing them. Miscbievous as they are in Catholic countries, they have got this good about them, that they hold up something besides worldly distinction to the respect and admiration of the people, and fix the standard of virtues higher than we do in Protestant countries. Would that we had an order of Beguines in England! There are few subjects which have been so unfairly discussed as monastic institutions: the Protestant condemns them in the lump, and the Romanist crams his legends down your throat. The truth is, they began in a natural and good feeling, though somewhat exaggerated,—that they produced the greatest public good in their season, that they were abominably perverted, and that the good they now do, wherever they exist, is much less than the evil. . . . . The total absence of religion from our poor-houses, alms-houses, and hospitals, is as culpable in one way, as the excess of superstition is in another."

PROFESSOR PARK'S SERMON.

CREEDS.

Professor Park's Convention Sermon is yet recent in the recollection of many of our readers. We regard the almost universal favor, with which it has been received in this region, as among the happiest signs of the times. But there is one significant dilemma, in which it places its author and its Calvinistic admirers. The subject of the sermon was the mutual relation of the theology of intellect and that of feeling. The doctrine of the sermon, stated in brief, was this. The current formulas of liberal theology belong to the intellect, and represent the literal facts of religion considered objectively. They are metaphysically true. They occupy the same place in a system of divinity, which mathematical propositions do in descriptive astronomy or mechanics. Calvinistic phraseology, on the other hand, belongs to the heart. It is subjective. It represents not independent facts, but modes of feeling, forms or stages of individual experience. It is true in the same sense, in which figures of rhetoric are true. It will not bear philosophical analysis, but must be interpreted in the way in which metaphors or allegories are. It does not literally convey, but simply suggests truth. Now creeds are in their very nature and purpose objective. They profess to embody, not what is individual, but what is common,—not transient experiences, but permanent facts,—not aspects, but definite outlines of evangelical truth. How then can they admit phraseology drawn from the theology of the feelings? If we understand Prof. Park aright, the complex creed, which he must subscribe periodically as a condition of office, consists of mere rhetoric. So do the creeds of our orthodox churches generally. What right has any man or body of men to make certain rhetorical forms the indispensable condition of a Christian standing or of participation in Christian ordinances? Creeds profess to address the intellect, not the heart; why should their words be coined in the heart-mint? Surely, if the theology of the intellect have any place it must be in formulas expressly designed to merge all peculiarities of the individual, and to embody the grounds of faith common to men of widely various temperament, culture and habits of conception. The fathers of New England, without Prof. Park's subtle philosophy, seem to have jumped at the conclusion to which his premises would lead. They were thoroughly Calvinistic in their theological conceptions, yet their creeds were, for the most part, such as would command the assent of all Christian believers. And they were at least as successful in checking dissent, and uniting in virtual identity of faith, those who worshipped at one altar, as the more complex formulas of their successors. Those, who agree as to "the theology of the feelings," will for the most part worship and commune together, as a matter of taste and preference. Only here and there a devout individual, remote from a Christian community with which he fully agrees, will seek to enjoy Christian rites under different auspices. The effect of complicated and artificial creeds is to tempt such persons, if of weak intellect or but partially sincere, to the unconscious or semi-conscious hypocrisy of assent to what they do not believe, while those of greater consistency of character, and better fitted to adorn their profession, remain out of the pale of the Church. Precisely this state of things exists wherever there is not a church established under liberal auspices. There is in Orthodox churches throughout the country a great deal of covert Unitarianism, which occasions much more of suspicion and uneasiness, than would exist, were Christian ordinances thrown open to all who sincerely love their Saviour, and were an avowed heretic here and there admitted to the fellowship of those, who agreed with him in the consecration of heart and life to the service of Christ, but differed from him as to the interpretation of religious dogmas.

SHORT PRAYERS.

"I would rather make short prayers than extend them; though God can neither be surprised nor besieged; for long prayers have more of the man, as ambition of eloquence and a complacency in the work, and more of the devil by often distractions: for after in the beginning we have entreated God to hearken, we speak no more to Him." [*Dr. Donne's Letters, quoted in Southey's Common Place Book.*

There is a discrimination to be made, which is often neglected. The man who is alone in his closet, and whose mind has been occupied with devout meditations, may most easily and naturally breathe forth his petitions or his thoughts of gratitude and trust, in prayers which to others would seem long, but which are not so to him. This may also be true of a minister in the pulpit. But the people, whose minds follow his devotional utterances, are situated quite differently. They are not following out their own trains of thought, there is an effort of continuous attention demanded which is not easy to all, while the position is constrained and speedily wearisome. It is not many minutes before the attention of most begins to flag, and soon the prayer of the minister is the penance of the congregation. Of course, it is infinitely worse when what ought to be a prayer is merely a poetical or rhetorical rhapsody, in which the speaker interests his audience by the eloquence of his addresses to the Deity. These rhetorical prayers, which show off the speaker's fluency or imagination, are mockeries of devotion and ought to weary and repel those who hear them.

We suspect, that as a rule, the shortest prayers are those which most move, and best express the emotions of a congregation. It is one of the excellencies of the Episcopal service, that its collects are short and confined to a single thought and that between them a certain space and pause are interposed. It is owing in part to this, probably, that children are commonly pleased with this service, and that brief prayers, interrupted by responses, have been found the most useful in the services of Sunday Schools.

How much is he Worth? How much money a man possesses may be easily known. But money is not a man's self, and does not show his value as a man. What does one think himself, as a man, to be worth? Different persons would answer the question differently. The man who sacrifices his truth in order that he may gain some pecuniary advantage, evidently values his truth less than he does the sum of money to be gained. Many think their benevolent habits and principles not worth preserving at the expense of any practical benevolence. There are those who will sacrifice their honor and magnanimity to the love of office, or their honesty to the love of show. A Southern slave may sell for five hundred or a thousand dollars. Many a man sells his integrity, his generous feelings, his good temper, his conscience, his pleasant memories, for a less sum than that,—thereby showing what he thinks himself worth. The young man who is willing to sacrifice his character and all his hopes for the transient gratification of his appetites, or from fear of the ridicule of companions, holds himself of little worth. The man who sells his soul, or what is the same thing, its generous, just and religious qualities for gain, or to get votes, or that he may have a certain position in society, considers himself of small account. There are many men who might advantageously ask—not what their purse is worth, but—what they consider themselves worth? what they had rather lose, than lose their souls? or to what they are willing to sacrifice their souls?

[For the Register.]

Bangor, August 12, 1850.

Messrs. Editors,—Being cast upon this far eastern shore, I have found much gratification by joining in the worship of the Unitarian Society here, which is yet in mourning for the loss of its late minister Rev. Mr. Hedge. He left a few months since for another, but I have no belief that it is a better, or a happier, or a more important field of labor. His long continued and earnest efforts to fill well his station here no doubt required the relief of a new position; and his late people earnestly wish that, in his present post, he may find such relief, and a reward for his toil while among them.

I listened with great pleasure to two sermons from Rev. Mr. Allen of Washington, D. C. of which, could I give any just abstract, I should convince others, as I was myself convinced, that in this gentleman we are to look for one of our strongest and most earnest workmen in the field.

I was much rejoiced to see, so far as a mere spectator and stranger could see, the signs of prosperity in this Society. Their house of worship is very handsome, and has been recently repaired and ornamented in excellent taste. The organ is large and fine toned, and formed an exquisite accompaniment to one of the sweetest choirs that it was ever my good fortune to hear, consisting of only four voices, but each one perfect in itself. These are, I was told, all volunteers, with one exception; and the principal lady, although yet quite young, has filled the place for nearly sixteen years; a course of gratuitous service seldom paralleled. Nor have the Society been backward in testifying their sense of the value of the service, having lately presented her with a superb tea service of silver. I cannot omit another evidence, convincing, at least to my own mind, of the sound state of this religious Society;—I mean its Sunday School, at which I had the pleasure to be present. It has been sustained, and now presents in its aspects as to teachers and pupils, an assurance of earnest religious feeling which can be duly appreciated by those who have studied this institution as an exponent of such feeling in a religious Society. The time will come when the inquiry will be more, "how is their Sunday School?" than "how are they upon the great questions of reform?" to ascertain the religious pulse of a Society.

I have felt warranted in thus giving my impressions from so transient a view, by the apprehension that the actual value of this station, either as a frontier post of theological observation and labor, or as desirable for a permanent and happy home of usefulness to a Christian pastor, is not duly appreciated. I have never, in any place, looked round upon an audience so large where more of intellectual promise or of serious thoughtfulness was manifest upon a cursory survey. I have never, so far as so short an intercourse will enable me to judge, found more of all the elements which go to make up a sound and delightful Christian parish, than this presents. In so large a society, with so many independent thinking men from every range of education and walk in life; with so many young and ardent minds, and so many of mature and fixed habits of thought and feeling, strange would it be if there were not differences of judgment and diversity of opinion upon the numerous points which come into view in deciding upon a preacher and a preacher's course; strange would it be if there were not some hard to please, and some who will not be pleased at all. But I can truly say that I know of no Society in which I think a devoted, active and able man would have a greater chance of making himself generally acceptable, and of becoming in the best sense useful and happy. As a position for labor and usefulness beyond the immediate parish, I am not qualified to judge. I find that the opinion here is, that it presents a highly important frontier post of our faith.

I have not spoken of the secular aspects of this growing city of the East; its beautiful buildings; its teeming river, overspread with forest-ruins coming by millions in the shape of everything but trees. It seems, by the masses of lumber now heaped upon the shores, or floating onward still as far as the eye can reach up the river, as if the whole habitable world might be supplied with materials for habitations from this river; and by the forest of masts in the port, one would think that every portion of that world was sending for its supply. Of these things, and of the kind hospitality of its citizens, others have spoken too often to need the added testimony of an humble individual. May the shadow of their hills, the flow of their beautiful river and the current of their prosperity never be less.

A. G.

A Whortleberry Excursion and Pic-nic of the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Society—Rev. Mr Brown's—in West Cambridge. We have received a very pleasant account of this occasion from a friend, but not till our paper was made up and its columns more than full. It seems to have been conducted most felicitously, and successfully, and to have been equally gratifying to old and young. We believe that such celebrations are as profitable as they are agreeable to those who join in them. We have rarely enjoyed any thing more than similar occasions, and we would gladly now exchange the hot and noisy streets, for such a day in the pastures and the woods.

A DOG DAY HINT TO HOUSEWIVES

Order and neatness certainly look like very dry subjects. Is it possible that there can be anything interesting about them? We can all remember the lessons of childhood, the oft-repeated maxim of "A place for everything and everything in its place," which sounded then so perfectly stale and unmeaning; and the injunctions, "Keep yourself clean, and do not put things out of order," so often unwelcome to the thoughtless, frolicsome being, busy with pleasures which seem to him a thousand times more important.

See how beautiful is the order of the universe! God has made all things to know their places. The night and the day, seed-time and harvest, all come and go in order; and the beautiful heavens,—how much does order add to their grandeur and beauty! The silent march of the stars, too, all in their places, and the waxing and waning of the moon! There is no disorder in God's work. And where can there be beauty unless neatness and cleanliness are seen too? How is the beauty of the world marred by a neglect of it!

It is a puzzling question, whether it is possible for the outward, the material, to be kept clean and pure, without too great a sacrifice of time and thought which might be devoted to higher pursuits. Certainly, when we think of the millenium it does not seem possible that it can come in the midst of dirty streets and the disorder of large cities. There must be a purification of the outward as well as the inward.

We can have no sympathy with a life devoted exclusively to keeping clean; with a neatness like that of the old woman in the comic almanacs, who bids her maid "scour the back log, otherwise the ashes will get soiled." It brings with it the vision of a scolding woman armed with broom and mop, ready to do vengeance upon every one who dares to leave a print upon her clean floor. Such a devotion to cleanliness makes many a household miserable. Perhaps the fanatically neat person is more intensely disagreeable than the one who cares too little about keeping clean. And yet what a charm does perfect cleanliness throw around everything. The poorest house, if it is but clean, if the sunshine finds its way through clear and unstained windows, and lingers upon walls and floors free from dirt and dust, let them be ever so rough and coarse, will have a pleasant look. And the little child at the door, even if clad in the meanest clothes, will attract us, if it only shows that a careful mother has made it clean. It is better to have neatness and order in a house than to have in their places gay carpets, and the richest furniture. Were not the old-fashioned rooms of our grandmothers, with their white floors, their bright brasses and polished mahogany, infinitely preferable to the drapery curtains, showy carpets and gaudy knick-knacks, so seldom free from dust, of the present day?

It is a discouraging task—this keeping clean. If it were only *keeping* clean it would be easier; but this *making* clean one day, only to begin again the next, is hard to think of. To do it all with patience, without scolding, without worrying, is worth a woman's trying.

It cannot be too much insisted on in the education of young persons, that they form habits of order and neatness, irksome as the necessary drilling may be. The earlier they are formed the better. How much of time would be saved, if the habit of order were only universal! How many hours are lost in looking for things not put in their places at the right time and wanted in a hurry!

To be neat and orderly without being pettishly so; to be able to bear with patience the seeing often dust collect, and cleaning to be done, and yet without strength or perhaps time to do it for one's self, and no servant at leisure to be called upon; to bear this at once without fretting and without losing the love of order is no easy task, but it is one which most women have at some time or another to do. It is well if they do not grow scolds or slatterns. For great and important as is this duty of neatness, it is not so great as to keep the temper unsullied. It is to be hoped that in the progress of the present age, and its many improvements, this keeping clean may be "made easy," and that the time will come when we shall not so often see even the beauty of childhood marred and hidden by the dirt which covers it.

[For the Register.]

BRIDGEWATER NORMAL ASSOCIATION.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

In accordance with the third article of its Constitution, the Bridgewater Normal Association, composed of the pupils and alumni of the Bridgewater State Normal School, held its annual Convention on the 21st inst.

After the reading and discussing of reports, and choice of officers, the following resolution, laid over from last year, was taken up for discussion.

Resolved, That the stability of our republican institutions, and the welfare of society, require that a law be enacted by the Commonwealth compelling the attendance of children at some public school, provided their education is not otherwise properly attended to.

This resolution elicited a spirited debate. It was defended by several practical teachers present, who had personally felt in their schools the evils of absence. Rev. John Pierpont also spoke in defence of the resolution, maintaining that the law recently adopted is altogether insufficient, and that it is the duty of the State to compel parents to educate their children. Mr. Ichabod Morton, of Plymouth, followed in a similar tone of remark. On the other hand, it was urged that it would be difficult to keep such a law in force, that it would become a "dead law," and that there is great danger of over-legislation in school matters.

E. K. Whitaker, Esq., of Needham, also opposed the resolution. He considered it a backward step in the cause of education, thinking it time that some other means than force should be used to bring children to the school-room, and that the spirit of love is far stronger and far more in harmony with the tone of the nineteenth century than the staff of the constable.

Father Pierce, former Principal of the West Newton Normal School, greatly doubted the wisdom of such a law, and appealed to teachers to do all in their power to *draw* children into the schools, and to hold them there by the bonds of affection, in order to prevent the necessity of *driving* them with the rough arm of the law.

The discussion continued till 12 o'clock, when the Association, together with the invited guests and other strangers present, marched to the Unitarian church, under the direction of the chief marshal. After devotional exercises by Rev. Mr Bradford, and music from the Normal choir, the assembly listened to an address by Mr. Christopher A. Greene of Milton. He commenced by stating that it is the work of the teacher to learn and to use the processes of human development. His chief study is that of human nature. His highest qualification, religious culture. But his religion must be *lived* not *talked*. He also alluded to the very prevalent opinions in regard to the teacher, shown by the characters of schoolmasters drawn in works of fiction, and closed by suggesting some means by which we might avoid falling into the errors which give rise to these opinions.

The exercises at the church being concluded, the Association proceeded to the Town Hall, beautifully decorated for the occasion by the Com. of Arrangements, where an abundant collation was provided in fine style, which was partaken of by the company in good cheer. Quiet being at length restored, Mr. Tillinghast, Principal of the School, made a few remarks relative to meeting again so many of his former pupils, and called upon gentlemen present to encourage them with their words.

Remarks were then made by Hon. John Reed, N. P. Banks, Esq., Rev. Mr. Mountford of England, Father Pierce, Mr. Sanford of Bridgewater, and Rev. John Pierpont.

Mr. Mountford spoke particularly of the importance of the religious element in education. The public educational movement is one of the distinguishing features of our country. Unbalanced by any religious weight, it might sink us to perdition; guided by the spirit of God, it might raise us to the highest eminence among the nations. If education is to accomplish for us what educational reformers seem to anticipate, it can only be by each teacher's keeping upon his own soul a sense of God's presence.

Father Pierce spoke of the great deficiency in American schools in the cultivation of good manners, and also in reference to domestic education. He closed with the following sentiment:

"The young women, members and graduates of our Normal schools, may they, by seeking, obtaining and *living* the Truth, become good teachers, better wives, and still better mothers."

Mr. Pierpont spoke of the lack of a vital religious power in our country. We build churches, we have clergymen, we go to meeting, and we are called Christians; yet the Mahometans and heathen possess far more of religious feeling. In proof of this, he related some instances of his own observation in Eastern countries.

In the evening there was the usual social meeting in the Town Hall, affording another agreeable opportunity for reviewing the past, and gathering hope and strength for the future. No one could have been present at this meeting without feeling that it was good to be there. About two hundred Normals were present, living over again, in a few hours, all the fondly remembered pleasures of a year's close intimacy, while members of the school. Their happy faces bore testimony to happy thoughts within.

On the following day, another meeting was held for the transaction of business. This being concluded, the convention adjourned till next year.

Wm. James Potter, Secretary.

Salem City Mission. In the Salem Register of Aug. 5, we have seen the "Third Annual Report of the Salem City Missions by John Ball, City Missionary." In this report we have a plain, simple, and evidently a truthful statement of what has been done by the faithful Minister at Large in our Sister City of Salem, and it is gratifying to learn the great amount of good which has been accomplished by one individual in a single year. For 133 boys and 37 girls snatched as "brands from the burning," suitable places or good homes have been provided. Employment has been obtained for hundreds of the idle and destitute. Impostors have been detected, and vagrances much lessened. Thousands of visits have been made by which the sources of the worst evils in Society have been ascertained; words of peace and comfort have been spoken, and difficulties between individuals and families referred to him, have been reconciled. Parents, after an absence of years, have been induced to attend constantly in public worship, and children to attend the Day and the Sunday School. Many Bibles or Testaments had been given to persons going to sea, procured of the Essex Co. Bible Society. The "Evening Free School" has been maintained, in which 519 scholars were entered, who were instructed by 79 teachers. The Public, the Private, and the Sunday Schools, have been visited, and when requested, addresses have been made. Admissions for the Insane, the Disabled, and the partially Blind has been obtained to Hospitals and Infirmaries. A greater number of the Sick and Dying have been visited than in any previous year, and the minister has "endeavored by conversation and prayers to direct the minds of all to Him, in whom alone we can hope for salvation." Money has been expended for stoves, for bedding and other useful articles, and loaned or given freely to the needy. The expenditures have been $1533, and the cash received, $1464. The report is closed with an expression of thanks to his many friends in Boston as well as Salem, and with the following appropriate words. "In reviewing the past, we have cause of gratitude to God, for all that has been accomplished. Let us therefore continually seek His guidance in the performance of our path of duty, and earnestly implore his blessing in our feeble effects." The blessing of heaven cannot fail to attend upon such faithful and devoted labors, and those who prompt and support them. P.

☞ We have received and read with interest and with all respect for the writer, a communication severely condemnatory of an editorial on "Honor to the Dead." We see no sufficient reason for publishing it. We dissagree in opinion from the writer, and he presents no reasons sufficient to convince us that we are in the wrong. We love peace as much as he does, and there is nothing in our article opposed to such a sentiment. We do not believe that the respect so universally felt for Gen. Taylor, was owing solely or chiefly to his military success. If so, why is not every successful soldier respected? We suppose that he was respected for solid, high and admirable qualities of character, which may have first revealed themselves in the emergencies of military life, but which have continued to appear, more and more, on every occasion which called for their exercise. We see no reason to doubt that he deserved all the honor ever paid to him, and we are sure that there is no danger that respect for worth should become excessive in this country.

Our Sunday Schools. In our last paper, in the communication with the above reading, occurred one or two typographical omissions or errors which should be corrected. 1. After the numbers 16,546, the word, "pupils" was omitted. 2. In the same paragraph, instead of, "in some Schools the whole number of books in the Sunday School Libraries &c.," it should have been printed, "In some Schools the whole number (of teachers) are church members, and in some three quarters. The whole number of books in the Sunday School Libraries is 64,150. or an average of more than 400 to a school." 3. Instead of "*systems* of elementary weakness in our system," it should have been "symptoms of elementary weakness in our systems."

HOUSES FOR THE POOR,

In cities there is scarcely a more important, or more neglected matter than the dwellings of the poor. Few persons consider how much the worst evils of pauperism are created or fostered by the character of the tenements in which the destitute live. Damp, confined, half lighted, badly ventilated, both the health of the bodies and the cheerfulness of the minds of those who dwell in them are broken down. There are no conveniences for cleanliness, no possibility of neatness and order. When a family has only a single room, and a house is occupied by a dozen families, there can be no retirement. Every thing is exposed and public. The children herd together by twenties and fifties in the entries and streets. One must have the elements of a hero and a saint, to grow up under such circumstances into a virtuous, modest and orderly life. A few thoughtful and benevolent individuals have done something towards remedying this evil, but a vast deal more needs to be done, to secure to the poor, not merely sleeping and eating places, but homes. We extract the following interesting article from the Daily Advertiser.

Improved Cottages. There are few modes in which capitalists, and owners of tenements, occupied on lease by tenants of little or no property, can more effectually contribute to the comfort of the poor, and often without any real sacrifice, than by making the tenements so leased comfortable and healthy. Very important improvements in tenements of the cheapest class, might often be made, for promoting their salubrity and comfort, at a very little expense, for which the tenant, if able to pay at all, can well afford to pay an increased rent, more than proportioned to the increased cost. But independently of the question of profit, the mere feeling of humanity, and a regard for the welfare and happiness of the dependent classes of the population, should be a sufficient motive with those, who provide residences for the poorer class in crowded towns, to take care that every tenement occupied by a family, should possess those accommodations which are indispensable for the maintenance of health, and the decencies of life.

Generally the pulling down of a dilapidated building, for the erection of a better, instead of a benefit, is a calamity to the poorer class of tenants, because it diminishes the number of cheap dwellings. It consequently becomes important that care should be taken to provide tenements of a cheap class, and many buildings are erected with this view. But in studying cheapness, the absolute requisites of a decent tenement for a family should not be forgotten or omitted, as it often is, in the contracted, ill ventilated and wretchedly built apartments, designed for this species of occupation. It must be found by experience, that tenements which are so constructed, as to afford the comforts which are as important to the poor as to the rich, are likely to command that class of tenants, who may be relied on for the regular payment of a rent proportioned to the actual cost of the accommodations afforded. We believe that much more attention would be given to this subject by humanely disposed capitalists, were it not for their reluctance to hold property requiring as much attention as houses of this description, to small details of management. There are various modes in which this objection may be obviated, and by care in the selection of tenants, and at the same time in making the leases desirable to good tenants, the rents would be paid with regularity, and with little trouble.

This difficulty, and the impaired health of great numbers of the poorer classes in consequence, we find often adverted to, as experienced in the crowded towns of England. Instances are not unfrequent there, in which benevolent individuals, possessed of landed estates, take special care to provide suitable tenements for the poorer class of families. In one of the late English papers, we find an address of thanks, presented to the Duke of Bedford, signed by *sixty-four* tenants of new cottages, built by him at Tavistock, in place of the old and uncomfortable ones, which have been pulled down. In this address, they say:

"We are fathers of families, and up to this time have had to live, many of us in single rooms, with few comforts nay, few of the decencies of life; but your Grace, feeling with us, more than merely for us, has now provided houses in which we find all that we could desire in every way put within the reach of our small earnings, and we cannot let you now depart without offering, from the bottom of our hearts, our thanks for sympathy like this."

They allude in the address to the fact, that in other parts of the kingdom, the Duke has been among the foremost 'in building up comfort for the poor man's home;' and they declare their trust, that for works like these, he will be rewarded in this world by the cordial affection and respect of all connected with him, and in the world to come by the blessings promised to those who never forget the poor.

In explanation of this address, it is stated in connection therewith, that each cottage contains five rooms, with a yard, garden pigs-house, and other conveniencies adjoining, for which is paid an annual rent of £5 18s. It is added that these 64 houses, containing 320 rooms, were all built in seven months—they are in detached blocks, in an open situation, with abundance of ventilation—well supplied with water, and with excellent drainage. It was ascertained on inquiry that the previous habitations of the 64 families, consisting of 381 persons, contained but 106 rooms, or about 1 3-4 rooms to each family, for which the average rent was £3 17s 6d a year.

It is not in the power of every man to imitate the example of the Duke of Bedford, but it is in the power of many persons owning property in this city, with a little attention to the wants and sufferings of their fellow men, and no more than the average sympathy for those sufferings, to do much to relieve them, in the manner of investing a portion of that property, with very little hazard of diminishing its productiveness, and at the same time, to do much towards improving, not only the health and physical condition of those whom they would thus relieve, but in many cases their habits of life, and their moral and religious character.

Hudson Bay Indian Missionary. The Rev. Mr. Jacobs, a Hudson Bay Missionary, came from Saut Ste. Marie on the London, on her last trip down, with his family, on his way to London, England, having been called there by the Hudson Bay Company, in whose employ he has been as a missionary in the far North West, for 12 years. He stopped a couple of days in this city, and left yesterday on the Mayflower. Mr. Jacobs is one of the "red men of the forest"—a native of Canada. He belongs to the Methodist denomination, is well educated, speaks the English language quite fluently, and is quite familiar with history, and well informed on matters and things in general. He has travelled 3000 miles in reaching this city, by land and canoes. He had his travelling tents with him. He informed us that where he had been, the bay was clear of ice only about five weeks in the year. He exhibited a specimen of their principal article of food—Pinica, or prepared buffalo meat.

He goes to Buffalo—thence to Canada, where he will leave his family—a wife and five sprightly, interesting little children—and then will cross the ocean to London for the first time.

His wife is said to be a white woman—(we should think from her brawny countenance she was a Canadian French woman,) of wealthy parents, but owing to a little romantic affair in her youthful days, in becoming enamored with Jacobs, and a clandestine marriage, she was disinherited from a large estate, and has since clung to her liege lord, sharing his fortune wherever he wandered with all the sincerity of woman's love.—[Detroit Advertiser.

The Rev. George Copway—Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh—the Chippeway missionary, visited the British House of Commons, on his way to the Peace Congress via London, where he received marked attention. At Liverpool, two meetings were held, where he detailed his plan for elevating the Indians

Notices of New Publications.

SONGS OF LABOR, and other Poems. By John G. Whittier. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850.

Without possessing the highest order of genius, Whittier more nearly than any other writer among us represents the idea which so many seem to entertain in demanding an "American Poet." His best productions have been suggested and inspired by the scenes and events of his native land. In them, the spirit of New England is embodied in vigorous verse. They could have been written in no other time or land than our own. They are "native and to the manor born."

A true poet is essentially a *Seer*. He does not imagine what has and can have no existence; his great characteristic is, that, more than other men, he sees what actually exists. He sees not merely the outward circumstances, but the restless surges of passion and emotion which ebb and flow beneath,—the passions and emotions in which all poetry reside, and which produce and give meaning to outward events. An ordinary man in beholding Macbeth creeping stealthily into Duncan's chamber, would have seen nothing but a murderer tempted by ambition to commit a foul crime. Shakspeare saw back to the origin of the deed, saw the soul collecting its energies for its midnight work, saw the hesitations and misgivings before, and the remorse and the temper hardening itself into steel after it was done; and it was the power of seeing this and of describing it, which made Shakspeare a poet. The poet deals not with fancies and fictions, but with truths. He describes whatever there may be of good, or strong, or brave, or great in human nature, or of the beautiful or sublime in the material world, so that his readers are touched and moved by the description as he was touched and moved by the vision itself. He stands on the summit of the mountain—the sentinel on his watch-tower—the discoverer on "a peak in Darien"—and declares to those beneath what is coming up from below the horizon on the other side, till their hearts are swayed and rocked by the same fears and transports as his own.

"The Native Bard," caught in the whirling and pitiless storm of Dr. Holmes's wit, appears so absurd, that it requires some boldness to say anything in his favor. And yet we have little doubt that such a bard will appear and command the honor of the world. Wherever human passions and affections are, there is poetry. And surely the heart beats as warmly and the pulses throb with passions as vehement in this, as in any land. There is poetry, if we knew how to find it, in the New England home, in the chances of the emigrant's life, in the struggles of the borderer, nay, in State street and Wall street, and all the more, because of the higher civilization of the age. And the man who through the outward circumstances of this common American life, can reveal its inward and moving spirit, will be not only a poet, but so far as the life of which he treats is modified by circumstances peculiar to us, an American Poet. The elements of poetry are abundant enough—there are whole Californias of it all the time around us—all that is wanting is some one to discover precisely where the mine is and to bring its precious ores to light. And Whittier, we think, more than any other, has been conscious of the poetical resources af his own country.

This volume is valuable for another reason. It is in honor of labor. Poets have confined themselves very much to love and war, and the passions and affections which lie apart from the common utilities and daily toils of life. Whittier has revealed the glory that is around the common lot—the angels that encompass us when we know it not. He has shown that all which constitutes poetry may be found in the ship-yard or the fisherman's hut, as well as in the camp or the palace—that as bright a light gleams from the lumberman's axe, as from sword or lance. There are, as we believe, new fields yet for our poets to explore; and we cannot but think that if instead of only repeating, with more or less brilliant variations, the old traditional themes, they would look on the nature of the human life around them, and describe what they see, it would be well for them and for literature.

We quote a part of the graceful and beautiful Dedication with which the volume commences,—

> Art's perfect forms no moral need,
> And beauty is "its own excuse;"
> But for the dull and flowerless weed
> Some healing virtue still must plead,
> And the rough ore must find its honors in its use.
>
> So haply these, my simple lays
> Of homely toil, may serve to show
> The orchard bloom and tasselled maize
> That shirt and gladden duty's ways,
> The unsung beauty hid life's common things below!
>
> Haply from them the toiler, bent
> Above his forge or plough, may gain
> A manlier spirit of content,
> And feel that life is wisest spent
> Where the strong working hand makes strong the working brain:—
>
> The doom which to the guilty pair
> Without the walls of Eden came,
> Transforming sinless ease to care
> And rugged toil no more shall bear
> The burden of old crime, or mark of primal shame.
>
> A blessing now—a curse no more;
> Since He, whose name we breathe with awe,
> The coarse mechanic vesture wore,—
> A poor man toiling with the poor,
> In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law.

THE ALPINE GLEE SINGER: a Complete Collection of Secular and Social Music. Arranged in Four Vocal Parts. By William B. Bradbury. New York: Mark H. Newman & Co.

This work may be taken as a specimen of a class of secular music books which has become popular within a few years. They indicate an unsettled condition of musical taste in the community. They are formed from the most heterogeneous materials, the best and worst to be found. Oratorios, Operas, German and English Songs, are all laid under contribution and placed side by side with Tyrolean airs, popular barrel organ tunes, and original music of no very high order. This is rendered more objectionable by the practice of *simplifying* the good music, in which process much of its original force is lost, and by *harmonizing* popular melodies, thus making an easy four part glee of what was written for a song.

Some of these may at first have a pleasing effect to unpractised ears, but they cannot fail to become offensive by repetition. A reformation in our books of Psalmody has already commenced. A disposition to return to the original versions of our standard church tunes is very perceptible. A corresponding improvement in books of secular music will follow.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED; an Epic Poem in Twelve Books. By William Ellis Wall, M. A. Trinity College, Oxford.

We chanced the other day to drag from the concealment where it had lain for seventeen years, its leaves uncut, a Poem of such remarkable quality, that we feel moved to do something towards bringing it to the acquaintance of our readers. It seems that near the beginning of the present century, one William Ellis Wall, M.A. of Trinity College, Oxford, excogitated the plan of a literary work, which, he fondly thought, would immortalize him along with the few kings of Song. The result was, "Christ Crucified, an Epic Poem, in twelve books." Alas! the vain hopes of ambitious man. To dream of an unchallenged seat beside Homer and Milton, as our author evidently did with full confidence, is easy; but to win it, "hoc opus, hic labor est."

The Poem comprises fifteen thousand mortal lines. The supernatural machinery is drawn entirely from Milton and Dante, and Mr. Wall is as remarkable as those great poets, but unfortunately in quite an opposite way. While they travel along the mountain summits, his song creeps like a sluggish stream, through the swamps. His pretentious and ambitious dulness borders on the sublime. It were worth looking over the Poem to see how much common-place thought may be crowded into a book, and how it may be clothed in a versification, which, to use his own mellifluous words, is

> "Abnonous, gnarring, horrid."

In his preface, he complacently observes that "the severe code of Parnassus peremptorily denounces all poetic mediocrity." Our readers may be pleased with a specimen of what Oxford is able to produce, to cast the ignorant and excommunicated Dissenters into the shade, when she undertakes the production of an Epic.

Thus the Arch-Fiend is pictured:

> "Livid his face; and on his tempest brow
> Scowled Hate and Envy; on his head Terror.
> Athwart his breast there fret in fretted steel
> Ounces and lions; tigers glared, and bathed
> Their teeth in lumbkins rent; the girdle blushed
> With blood; and innocence on th' margin moaned!"

And thus the Almighty addresses him:

> "The voice of God in gnarring thunders breathed
> 'Satan! whence comest thou?' From errand bad
> Doubtless.'"

The humble poverty we usually associate with the "upper chamber," in which the Last Supper was eaten, is changed by our author for:

> "A splendid chamber that high shone
> With ivory and gold. The walls round lined,
> With blooming pictures blushed, with sculptures heaved;
> The festive boards yield with the massive plate,
> And couches burnt with flame-bright scarlet round.
> Admiring, the Disciples gazed, and fixed the feast:
> Mingled the chasareth with dates and figs,
> And raisins drowned in vinegar.
> The room was pale with elephant and blazed
> With gleamy gold. In wide compartments wrought
> Israel's history, sculptured, painted, lived round.
>
> "Here, swinked the infant nation 'neath the hands
> Of the Egyptian task-masters. There, daubed with slime,
> Their great Deliverer lay in the flags.
> Here, in the next compartment, Moses tends
> The flock, and sees within a burning bush,
> Unburnt, the blazing Deity appear.
> Next this the plagues of Egypt direful frown;
> Frogs overspread the land, dust lives to lice;
> And agonies upon the pictures writhe."

The poet proceeds to make the Apostle John, after the feast, sing a national lyric to the harp, praising God.

> "From th' Orient to advesperating suns.
> So he. The assembly, well pleased, laud the lyre."

On the night of the betrayal the author of this Epic fetches on a fearful storm in Gethsemane. Satan foresaw—

> "The fleecy clouds, heavy with wat'ry charge,
> Gin sail aloft, efts'oons in storms to meet,
> And tempest nature with their hideous rage;
> Gnarring, shuddered with fears, he gibbering fled.
> The waning moon and sick'ning starry fires,
> Scared at the advening storm, faint from the sky.
> Now came the tempest on with rushing roar,
> That howled the wrath of nature's God, for sin
> Ventured in nature's torrent-horrors dread.
> From the black bending clouds the sluicy rain
> Pours torrent-streaming down; sharp-smiting sleet
> Immixed, advened, shooting saggital war.
> Lightnings in forky strokes, broad-flashing flame,
> And rift the wat'ry clouds with igneous flasures.
> The gnarring thunders 'gan roar and murmur.
> Effsoons deep bellow and rebellow crashing."

At the Saviour's death—

> "Corruscant round
> The lambent lightnings, broadly-flashing, blaze,
> Kindling the skies that flare with flaky fire,
> That on the faded faces of the dead
> And dying, ghastly glares: whose light-glazed eyes
> Distorted wade by horrid agony
> Sparkle. Meanwhile the bursting tombs disgorge
> The dead, and groans horrisonous deplore."

Those who wish for more may turn to Mr. Wall's volume, where they will find 500 octavo pages illuminated with a similar splendor.

THE MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW. No. 12. Sept., 1850. Boston: Coolidge & Wiley.

This number contains the following articles:—1. The Right of Petition. 2. Geology of the Exploring Expedition. 3. Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter. 4. American and Alpine Botany Compared. 5. Different Christologies of the New Testament. 6. Short Reviews and Notices. We regret to see, from "the Editor's Farewell to the Readers," that this is the last number of the Review. It has contained a fair proportion of interesting and valuable articles; and besides this, it has furnished a convenient medium through which those writers who were chiefly instrumental in establishing it might express their peculiar views.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKSPEARE. By J. O. Halliwell. Published by Tallis, Willoughby & Co., New York. For sale by Crosby & Nichols, Boston.

We have received the third number of this beautiful edition of Shakspeare, containing the conclusion of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and the beginning of "The Merry Wives of Windsor.

THE ILLUSTRATED DOMESTIC BIBLE. By Rev. Ingram Cobbin. New York: Samuel Hueston.

We have received from Redding & Co., 8 State street, the fourth number of this work. It has reached the end of Deuteronomy.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN NEW CHURCH REPOSITORY. Conducted by George Bush, A. M. New York.

This work may be found in Boston at the Bookstore of Otis Clapp, 23 School street.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. Vol. 41. 1850.

THE PANOPLIST., Vol., No. 8. Boston: Crocker & Brewster.

☞ The Society under the pastoral care of Rev. Chandler Robbins, will meet for public worship at the Chapel in Freeman Place, Beacon Street, on Sunday morning next, at the usual hour.

The seats will be free till about the first of October, when the pews will be sold at auction. It is understood that individuals have offered to be responsible for any pews that may not be disposed of, so that there can be no possibility of any debt falling upon the Society. Such an arrangement is excellent, and as the pews will be sold at a low rate through the generosity of a few members of the Society, there will be every inducement offered to those who may wish to become proprietors.

☞ The Unitarian Society at Bucksport, Me. gratefully acknowledge the gift of a beautiful Bible and 52 Waterston's Service and Hymn Books from Mrs. Maria Cary of Brooklyn, New York.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN CUBA. On the very night preceding the landing of the late Cuban Expedition at Cardenas, a large vessel came quietly up to the wharf, and landed six hundred negroes from the hold, poor, miserable, half-dead shadows of men, who had been torn from their homes in Africa, and introduced into the Island by the consent and to the great profit of the Captain-General of Cuba. Shortly after this occurrence, a bag containing about $20,000 was found at the door of the Captain-General's sleeping room, which—as there appears no acknowledgment for the same in the published reports of the receipts by the Treasury—we presume, went to swell the already large pile of savings of Conde Alcoy during his very economical administration. These facts we learn from a highly intelligent citizen lately from Cuba, who was in the vicinity of the transactions when they occurred, and they have been substantially confirmed by the statements of others. [N. O. Delta.

CARRIER PIGEONS. We hear from France of astonishing results obtained with carrier pigeons, by the Societies which in Belgium devote themselves to the production of this bird in perfection. They are trained so as to traverse the whole of France from one end to the other in less than a day; recently a number were sent to Pampeluna in Spain, to be let loose and return by flight to Brussels. On the 10th ult. the pigeon-raising Society called the Visible of Brussels, let fly 63 pigeons from Lyons at 5 A. M. Prizes were given to the owners of the birds, which should quickest reach Brussels. The first prize was won by Mr. J. Vanhaelen, whose pigeon arrived 31 minutes past 2 o'clock. P. M.: the second prize was won by a pigeon which came at 39 minutes past 2: the third at 20 minutes before three. The distance from Lyons to Brussels by railroad is about 600 miles, which the first pigeon flew over in 7¼ hours.

QUICK INTELLIGENCE. On Saturday the Telegraph communicated a message from Washington to New Orleans *ahead of time*. The message left Washington at 30 minutes past eleven o'clock, Washington time, and reached here 5 minutes past eleven, New Orleans time, thus travelling about twice as fast as the apparent motion of the Sun round the earth, or correctly speaking, double the velocity of the earth's motion on its own axis, as the difference of time between the two places is about one hour. [N. O. Com. Bulletin.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS—40TH WEEK. The important event of the past week is the passage in the Senate of the Fugitive Slave bill. On Monday, Mr. Webster's bill, offered as a substitute, was rejected by a large majority. Amendments by Messrs. Chase and Winthrop, the latter proposing to give fugitive slaves the right of habeas corpus, and a trial before District Judges, were also rejected.

On Tuesday, an amendment by Mr. Pratt, providing for the recovery of the value of the fugitive, in case he his not given up on proof of his identity, was warmly discussed, northern Senators generally opposing it.

On Wednesday, Senators Dayton and Berrien continued the debate against Senators Mason and Pratt in favor of the amendment.

On Thursday, Mr. Pratt offered an amendment to his amendment, providing that the owner of a slave shall pay back the price recovered to the United States, if the fugitive is subsequently given up, but it was rejected. Mr. Underwood then offered substantially the provisions of the dead Compromise bill, as a substitute for Mr. Mason's bill.

On Friday, after several amendments by Mr. Jefferson Davis were adopted, and one by Mr. Chase to strike out an unconstitutional part of Mr. Underwood's substitute was rejected, Mr. Mason moved, and carried, additional sections to his bill, proposing a fine of $1000 upon U. S. Marshals, if they refused to arrest fugitives, and making them liable for the full value of the slaves, if allowed to escape while in the Marshal's custody. These provisions were added to Mr. U's substitute, when the whole was rejected. Mr. Mason's bill was further amended, by inserting a section to extend the operation of the bill to the territories, to authorize their magistrates to issue processes for the arrest of fugitives, and give U. S. Commissioners concurrent jurisdiction with Circuit and District Judges.

What passed at this stage of the bill, we give in the words of a correspondent of the daily press.

The question of engrossment then recurring, Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, offered an amendment, to authorize the sending an agent to look after free colored seamen, or colored citizens from free States, who may be imprisoned, or deprived of liberty, in Southern ports.

This led to an animated debate, Messrs. Davis, Winthrop and Baldwin ably sustaining the amendment, and Messrs. Butler, Berrien, and Jefferson Davis earnestly opposing it.

Mr. Berrien said it aimed a most deadly blow at Southern institutions, and would allow the introduction of emissaries to incite insurgetion. It was more calculated to arouse Southern feelings than any act ever passed by Congress.

Messrs. Davis and Winthrop showed that Massachusetts had great cause of complaint upon this subject.

After several unsuccessful efforts to postpone, to give time for further discussion, Mr. Davis's amendment was rejected by a large majority.

The bill was then ordered to be engrossed by a vote of 27 to 12—Senators Baldwin, Bradbury, Chase, Cooper, Davis, of Massachusetts, Dayton, Dodge, of Wisconsin, Green, Smith, Upham, Walker and Winthrop, voting against it—and then it was passed by precisely the same vote. The Senate thereupon adjourned over to Monday.

The House has been principally busied, without definite action, on the Civil and Dipolmatic Appropriation bill. An unsuccessful effort was made on Monday to fix a day for commencing the discussion on the Senate bills for New Mexico, California and Utah. The strongest personalities have characterized the proceedings throughout the week.—[Watchman.

GERMAN POPULATION IN THE WEST. We learn from the Rev Mr. Riege, a German clergyman now visiting Massachusetts, that in the single State of Missouri, where he resides, there are no fewer than 200,000 of his countrymen already located as permanent residents, making in all full one-fourth of the entire population of the State. This is a fact of no little interest in various aspects. It is interesting as showing the rapidity and extent of foreign immigration to our shores, and the very large proportion of foreign element already incorporated into our civil and political, and soon to be incorporated also into our social structure. It is interesting in is bearing upon the great question of the day, the struggle now going on between freedom and slavery in this country. With very few exceptions, these Germans are, almost to a man, on the side of freedom in this struggle, holding slavery in abhorrence, and looking upon the slave-master as a sort of uncivilized and demi-savage being, altogether below other men in the scale of humanity and respectibility. If one of these Germans happens to marry a slave property, as the phrase is, he is regarded by the rest as having degraded himself, or lost caste, and they no longer associate with him on terms of fellowship as formerly. It is certainly a fact of no little moment, that one-fourth the population of Missouri, one of the strongholds of slavery, hold the views now stated, in regard to the system.

[Congregationalist

STATISTICS OF ST. LOUIS. An interesting report of the population of St. Louis, from 1820 to 1850, has been submitted to the City Council:

In 1820 the population of the city was 4,123; and in 1830 whole population was 6,694—showing an increase from 1820 to 1830 of six per cent. per annum.

In 1840 the whole population of the city was 16,469—showing an increase from 1830 to 1840 of 14 6-10 per cent. per annum.

In 1850 the whole population is estimated at about 80,000—showing an increase from 1840 to 1850 of 38 6-10 per cent. per annum.

The increase of real estate in the city, from 1842 to 1850—a period of nine years—may be seen by the following:

Assessed value in old limits, in 1842	$9,061,690
" " " " 1850	18,047,486
Being an increase of 22 per cent. per annum.	
Assessed value in new limits in 1842	$3,039,328
" " " " 1850	11 629,162
Being an increase of 42½ per annum.	

The assessed value of taxable property within the whole city, in 1842, was $12,101 018; and the assessed value in 1850, was $29 676,649—being an increase of 27½ per cent. per annum.

The assessed value of property belonging to the city of St. Louis, on the 1st of August, 1850 (excepting the city common) was $597 913 81; and the assessed value of city common belonging to the city, at the same period, was $581,391—making the total value of property belonging to the city at $1,179 304 81.

ECCLESIASTICAL STATISTICS. Last week we published a table, showing the present condition of the Congregational Churches in this Commonwealth, and for the sake of convenience to our readers, we now reduce the same facts into a more popular form. There are 26 Congregational Associations in this State, embracing from eight to thirty-five churches each; there are 458 churches, of which 53 are without pastors or stated supplies. There are 359 pastors, and 92 ministers without charge. The number of church members is 63, 671, about one third of which are males. During the past year, the churches have received 2,685 members; 1004 have died; 1456 have been dismissed to other churches, 109 have been excommunicated; 429 adults have been baptized and 1,239 infants, and there were 59,335 scholars in their Sabbath Schools. [Christian Times.

THE WAVES OF THE ATLANTIC.—At the late meeting of the British Association, an important paper was read by Rev. Dr. Scoresby, on the subject of the magnitude of Atlantic waves, their velocity and phenomena. In this paper, Dr. Scoresby, who is a veteran sailor as well as a sound divine, gave a vivid description of a storm which he had witnessed on the Atlantic; and stated that the result of his observations on that occasion was, that he had discovered that the height of the waves from the trough to the crest was 43 feet, and that their average velocity was 32 and a fraction miles per hour. This, it was stated, confirmed the observations made on the velocity of waves reported to the association in 1845 by Mr. Scott Russell, who set down their velocity at from 30 to 31 miles an hour.

AN ARGUMENT FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS. The author of the "Convict-ship" says, "of 1,065 prisoners who have, in five different voyages, been conveyed under my superintendence to the penal colonies of Australia, *fourteen* only had been educated in a Sunday School."

ENGLISH PAUPERISM. The annual report of the Poor Law Board of England,—they were formerly called the Poor Law Commissioners—for the year 1849, has just made its appearance in English papers. It gives a large body of statistics relating to the causes and cure of pauperism in Great Britain—where, by the way, there are more poor than in any other nation of Europe, except Belgium.

During the year 1849, the sum expended for the relief of the poor in England and Wales, was £5,792,963; during the year 1848, the sum similarly applied was £6,180,765, showing a decrease of expenditure in the more recent year of £387,802, £6 6s. per cent. Or if, instead of looking at the money expended, we look at the number of paupers relieved we find still a decrease. In 602 unionswith a population estimated to be near upon sixteen millions, on the 1st of January, 1849, 987,996 persons were receiving relief, while in the same unions on the 1st of January, 1850, the number relieved had decreased 63,324, a decrease which, taking into account the increase of population, amounts to 64 per cent.

But this decrease does not show that there is any permanent improvement in the condition of the people, because the year 1848, owing to some temporary and local causes, was the worst year since 1835. Comparing 1849, with 1839, for instance, it is found that there has been a large increase in the number of the poor, and of course in the expenditures for their support. At any rate, under the most favorable circumstances, it seems that one out of every seventeen of the British population are receiving parochial relief, either in or out of the work-houses.

But this estimate does not include the common street beggars and vagrants, nor yet those who are maintained by various charitable societies, and beneficiary organizations. Adding these to the regular paupers, we may say, that at least one out of every ten persons in Great Britain is a mendicant.

The report distributes the frightful mass of destitution and wretchedness in this wise:—

Insane, in round numbers, about	14,300
Vagrants, in round numbers, about	4,000
Able bodied adults (male and female,) in round numbers, about	170,500
Male and female adults (mostly aged and infirm), in round numbers, about	368,000
Children under 10, in round numbers about	368,000
Total,	924,800

It will be seen that the bulk of those relieved is made up of the aged and children, yet a large number are set down as able bodied adults.

It may be some encouragement to those persons in this city, who have lately interested themselves in the establishment of free public baths, to state, that the number of English vagrants has fallen off some 58 per cent, and that the Board ascribes it to the introduction among the poorer classes, by means of baths, of greater habits of cleanliness. [N. Y. Evening Post.

Had Mr. Calhoun lived, he would, it is believed by many, have united finally with Mr. Clay in favor of a general and comprehensive scheme of adjustment.—Among the facts which induce this opinion is that he spoke encouragingly to Mr. Webster as to his course, and after Mr. Webster had made his speech, Mr. Calhoun spoke of it as presenting a ground upon which an adjustment could be made.

In 1848 Mr. Calhoun sustained the Clayton Compromise; and in the same session, he voted for the extension of the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific. After voting for this as an amendment, he voted against the bill, while his colleagues voted for it. But Mr. Calhoun privately, at the time, explained his reasons. He did not wish the Compromise to pass by his vote, but he wished it *passed*.

Mr. Calhoun wanted no disunion, nor "temporary secession" *now*. He was in favor of patching up a "temporary" truce.

But what he did meditate will appear from his works when published. I allude to his treatise on the constitution, the history, and the government of the United States, which is to be published. He looked to an *ultimate* but *peaceful* separation. In confirmation of this fact, I may state that, not many days before his death, in conversation with a friend, he remarked: "the country can now bear two separate confederacies."

He did not intend to bring about this separation by any violent means. The object was to be approached by gradual and constitutional steps. In fact, it is inferred and believed, that he had prepared a new constitution for the United States, which we shall see in his treatise. This constitution was to allow of two executives, one to be chosen by the South and the other by the North, and each to have a veto on the other, their concurrence being requisite for any action.

This system was, of course, to be tried till it failed, which would be pretty soon; and then the two separate confederations would be already in part organized, and their boundaries would be already recognized and established.

Such were the bold and erratic speculations in which Mr. Calhoun indulged. He was bolder in speculation than in action, as the nullification affair showed. When that matter was about to come to a collision of arms between South Carolinia and General Jackson, and the latter had sworn "by the Eternal" that he would, if a drop of blood was spilled, hang Calhoun, Hayne and Hamilton, for treason, Mr. Calhoun, then in the Senate, manifested much anxiety to ward of the shock.

He himself first broached the subject of a compromise to Mr. Clay. The compromise of the Tariff was brought forward by Mr. Clay, with Mr. Calhoun's assent, and was accompanied by the force bill.

Mr. Calhoun was anxious to have the compromise bill passed, but did not wish to vote for it himself. Mr. Clay insisted, however, that Mr. Calhoun should vote for it, as a condition, and the only one, upon which he would offer it. [Cor. N. Y. Jour. Com.

THE Abolitionists held a a large convention at Cazenovia, N. Y., on the 21st inst. Frederick Douglass was appointed President. The members, white and colored, numbered about 2000. A committee, consisting of three white and two colored delegates, reported two addresses—one from the fugitives of the North to the slaves of the South, and the other to the abolition party. A large sum of money was raised to defray the expenses of Mr. Chaplin's trial. In the address to the party, Mr. Chaplin is recommended as a candidate for the Presidency, to be nominated at the coming Oswego convention. One resolution presented, proclaimed the motto—"Chaplin, Freedom, and Civil War!" If a convention to beat this can be got up at the South, ultraism is more rampant there than we ever imagined. This Cazenovia movement is by the Gerrit Smith branch of the abolitionists. [Watchman.

AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC CONVENTION. This body has been holding a highly interesting session at New Haven. Among the distinguished men present, were Professors Agassiz, Horsford and Pierce, of Cambridge, Lieut. Davis, U. S. N., Prof. Bache, of the Coast Survey, Prof. Mitchell, of the Cincinnati Observatory, Dr. Elwyn, of Pa., Professors Johnson and Henry, of Washington, Olmstead, the two Silliman's, Dame, Herrick and Loomis, of Yale College, and President Woolsey. The papers read were all interesting and valuable.

CURIOUS STATEMENT. It is stated that the building for the Exhibition of 1851 will contain 500 miles of window sashes, 100 miles of putty, 24 miles of zinc guttering, 8 miles to drive under cover. The building will be wholly of glass, wood frame, and iron pillars. In one position the spectator will be able to see 1000 feet before him in one unbroken view. It is believed that the building will be so superb that the public, on whose behalf the opposition has been made, will be the *first* to oppose its removal. A writer in the *Builder* states that 150 tons of putty will be required to make the building. [European Times.

COMMENCEMENT AT BOWDOIN.—We understand that the two principal Literary Societies in College have united to celebrate this anniversary—an excellent arrangement, considering the limited time; and that an oration before them is expected from Mr. Butler of Vermont, and a poem from Mr. Upton of Washington, D. C.; Dr. Sprague of Albany, N. Y., is expected to address the Phi Beta Kappa, and Mr. Weston of Gorham, to deliver a poem. [Portland Mirror.

The political growth of Ohio is one of the curiosities of the Republic. It exhibits the expansive power of the Representative system in a remarkable manner. Mr. Mansfield writing from Ohio gives the following in a table of the increase of the Representatives in Congress, after each successive census:

From 1803 to 1813	Ohio had		1
" 1813 to 1823	"	"	6
" 1823 to 1833	"	"	13
" 1833 to 1843	"	"	19
" 1843 to 1850	"	"	21

When Ohio had one Representative Virginia had nineteen. Now Virginia has fifteen and Ohio twenty-one. The man now lives in his plain frame house on the banks of the Miami who was for ten years the *sole* Representative of the Ohio, in the Congress of the United States! No parallel to this fact can be found on record. Should Congress advance the ratio of representation from 70,000 (the present number,) to 90,000, still the Representatives of Ohio will greatly increase.

☞ CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—The First Church and Society in Athol will celebrate the One Hundredth Anniversary of the formation of said Church, on Monday, the 9th of September, ensuing.

An Historical Discourse will be delivered in the meeting house of the First Church. Services to commence at 2 o'clock, P. M.

A social gathering will be held in the evening at the Town Hall, at which addresses are expected from the elder Clergy in the vicinity, and from other gentlemen, who are expected to be present.

In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements,

JONATHAN STRATTON,
aug31 Chairman.

☞ NOTICE.—The Ladies of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Society in Uxbridge propose holding a FAIR in Taft's Hall, on the evening of Thursday, September 12th, the proceeds of which will be devoted to indispensable repairs in and upon their Church.

Refreshments will be provided, and they will offer for sale a variety of fancy and useful articles. They will be pleased to see their friends from other places, and will be grateful for donations in any form. Donations from their friends in Boston may be sent to MRS. FISHER, No. 13 Beach Street. aug31

Uxbridge, August 27.

☞ NOTICE.—The next Annual Meeting of the *Plymouth County Bible Society* will be holden at Plymouth, on the 11th of September, at Rev. Mr. Porter's Church, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when a Sermon will be preached by Rev. Mr. Ward, of Abington. There will also be public services, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M., when addresses will be given by several individuals. J. C. THACHER,
august24 Scribe of the P. C. B. S.

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.—The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars, contributed by the Teachers and Pupils of the Sunday School at Eastport, Me., of which the Rev. George M. Rice is the present Pastor, to constitute Mr. Patmon Houghton a Life Member of the Society.

Boston, August 27. aug31

☞ WORCESTER WEST ASSOCIATION.—There will be a meeting of this Association at Athol, on Monday, September 9th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Brethren will please observe the change in the hour of meeting.

aug31 HENRY F. BOND, Scribe.

☞ NOTICE.—The *Middlesex North Association* will hold their next meeting at Rev. Mr. Woodbury's, in Concord, N. H., on Wednesday, Sept. 4th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

aug21 2t JOSEPH C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ NOTICE.—The next meeting of the Plymouth and Bay Ministerial Association, will be held at the residence of Rev. Mr. Leonard, in Marshville, on Tuesday, September 3, at 5 o'clock, P. M. E. NUTE, Jr.,
aug31 Scribe.

☞ NOTICE.—The Quarterly Charity Lecture will be preached in the Old South Church, to-morrow evening, at 7 o'clock. aug31

☞ WANTED.—Copies of the "Christian Register" of April 7th, 1849, (No. 14,) are wanted at this office. Persons who have this number to spare, will do the Publisher a kindness by forwarding them by mail, or otherwise, directed "Christian Register, Boston." aug24

☞ PRIVATE BOARD. Gentlemen and Ladies or families travelling, and visiting the city for a few days or weeks, will find pleasant accommodations at the house of the Publisher of this paper, No. 1 Bedford Place. may18

MARRIAGES.

In Charlestown, 21st inst, by Rev. G. E. Ellis, Mr Frederick W. Robbins, of Plymouth, to Miss Mary D. daughter of Capt John Wade, of Boston.

In East Medway, August 22, Horace Baker, Esq. of Boston, to Miss Eliza A. daughter of Rev. Luther Bailey.

DEATHS.

In North Bridgewater, 10th inst, Mr James Carey, aged 84 yrs 8 ms.

In Keene, N. H. 14th inst, Capt Henry Dorr, aged 70.

On the 30th of July, at the residence of George W. Forrest, near Tully, Lewis county, Mo., aged 58 years, Count de Laporte, well known in this city and vicinity as a teacher of the French language, and once instructer in Harvard College.

THE NEW GLEE BOOK.

THE ALPINE GLEE-SINGER. By William B. Bradbury, co-editor of "The Mendelssohn Collection," "The N. Y. Choralist," "Psalmodist," and author of various other musical works.

We have just published The Alpine Glee Singer, a new collection of the most beautiful and popular secular music, in four vocal parts, for choirs, musical societies, and social music parties Its leading features are—

A great variety of new and beautiful *Swiss Melodies* harmonized.

Alpine and Tyrolese Melodies—The choicest variety ever presented to American singers.

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POETRY.

Song of Death.

Shrink not, O Human Spirit,
The Everlasting arm is strong to save!
Look up, look up, frail Nature, put thy trust
In Him who went down mourning to the dust,
And overcame the grave!
Quickly goes down the sun;
Life's work is almost done;
Fruitless endeavor, hope deferred, and strife!
One little struggle more,
One pang, and then is o'er
All the long, mournful, weariness of life.
Kind friends, 'tis almost past;
Come now and look your last!
Sweet children, gather near,
And his last blessing hear,
See how he loved you who departeth now!
And, with thy trembling step and pallid brow,
O, most beloved one,
Whose breast he leaned upon,
Come, faithful unto death,
Receive his parting breath,
The fluttering spirit panteth to be free,
Hold him not back who speeds to victory!
—The bonds are riven, the struggling soul is free!

Hail, hail, enfranchised spirit!
Thou that the wine-press of the field hast trod!
On, best Immortal, on, through boundless space,
And stand with thy Redeemer face to face;
And stand before thy God!
Life's weary work is o'er,
Thou art of earth no more:
No more art trammeled by the oppressive clay,
But tread'st with winged ease
The high acclivities
Of truth sublime, up Heaven's crystalline way.
Here no bootless guest;
The city's name is Rest;
Here shall no fear appal;
Here love is all in all;
Here shalt thou win thy ardent soul's desire;
Here clothe thee in thy beautiful attire.
Lift, lift thy wond'ring eyes!
Yonder is paradise,
And this fair, shining band
Are spirits of thy land:
And these that throng to meet thee are thy kin,
Who have awaited thee, redeemed from sin!
—The city's gates unfold—enter, oh! enter in!
[Household Words.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PICTURES OF LIFE.

BY REV. W. R. ALGER.

Gazing one pensive hour in the magic glass of meditation, which reflects whatever I wish or think, a strange and manifold vision was mirrored in its transparent depths, upon which I silently looked and pondered. Far away stretched an unequal field, diversified with every variety of scenery and of action. Here, were the cottages of mountain peasants who stood in the vale and shouted a hymn to greet the morning, and high up among the dreadful peaks I saw the wild goat hunters poise and leap. There, were the great cities of civilization; I could almost catch the murmur of debate from their senatorial halls and the tramp of hurrying feet from their pavements. In the foreground, husbandmen were tilling the soil, and placing corn under the fresh-turned furrow. In the distance, hostile troops strove in battle till half the host sank in blood where the flourishing grain shall spring up and shake its tall green ranks over their mouldering sleep. Yonder, from the quiet village church tripped a happy band, and in the midst of it, two, young and beautiful, bound together with roses. In a green and noiseless dell, beneath whose sod slept many weary mortals, before the headstone of a recent mound bowed a broken-hearted man who covered his face with his hands and refused to be comforted. By the sea-shore, stood a maiden with dishevelled hair, weeping bitterly and waving a last farewell to the swift ship which shall never be heard of more. In pleasant gardens and sunny fields innocent children sported among the flowers or joined in the chase of golden-winged allurements. Far away, on the bleak ridge of winter, tottering old men, leaning on their staffs, gazed upon the setting sun with many thoughts. And, scattered through all, sad, slow processions were laying the bodies of their beloved dead in the ground amid the wail of mournful winds and the rain-like fall of tears. And then I knew the vision, that that field was an epitome of the world, and that that busy scene was an image of human life.

Man's earthly life-time, then I reflected, still gazing on the wondrous mirror, is but threescore years and ten, when he vanishes where the sun in all his journey shall not find him. And there can by no means be more than three theories purporting to explain the meaning, scope and purpose of this his life. One theory is, that in this his present life he can complete his destiny, leaving nothing more for him. This makes pleasure the end and aim of his being, and is the Epicurean Theory of Life. Another theory is, that he cannot here in this life fulfil any part of his real destiny; that unknown evil powers oppose and with insuperable obstacles entirely prevent the possibility of its fulfilment; that an all-controlling fatalism environs him and renders his labors useless, so that his only wisdom consists in passive submission to his fate, waiting for death to release him, that he may be enabled in some happier world, under different auspices, to work out the destiny which here baulks his efforts. This makes the idea of the present state of existence to be a torpid dream, or a ceaseless warfare against the body and all which surrounds it, and is the Mystic Theory of Life. The third and only remaining theory is, that in this world man can fulfil a part of his destiny, but not the whole, because it is endless; that he was placed here to commence an immortal career, that he can attain so much of his destiny now as will prepare him to take up on another shore, and pursue forever, the golden clue which falsely seems to be lost on the confines of this. This makes his present purpose to be cheerful, virtuous labor, fulfilling his duties in faith, in hope and in charity, looking forward to an unfading home in heaven, and is the Christian Theory of Life.

While I thus silently thought within myself, the scene in the mirror changed, and three visions swept across it one after the other. First there were beautiful meadows where all that is fragrant and lovely on earth seemed to flourish in profusion. Balmy airs, laden with perfume and refreshment, stole among fruits and flowers wafting their odors around and away. And over all lay the smile of a sunny heaven. There were sumptuous palaces where amid marble tables and flashing mirrors the dripping of ruby wine and the murmur and song of feasting and revel never ceased. Through groves and gardens and in the shade of pleasant trees were planted the bowers of beauty and echoed the invitations of pleasure. Pleasure was the goddess who ruled over this fairy land, and all the inhabitants were her votaries. I saw them in gay bands as they roved from scene to scene, crowned with flowers, singing merry songs, and seeming to be free from toil and care. But beneath every rose was a thorn which pierced with anguish; and the refrain of their songs was of such piteous sadness as sent a pang to every heart and brought tears to every eye. And only the young and fair were happy; for the joy of pleasure soon palled, the delight of beauty swiftly fled, the golden fruit was earth when grasped and ashes when tasted. They turned dissatisfied from all they won to all they could not win, and ever and anon the air was heavy with the wail, "We are passing away; alas, we are passing away!" I saw as the youth grew old, that the roses which bound him withered and fell, his song became a moan, and he was left alone, to die,—the ashes of what had been, behind him; the darkness of infinite emptiness, before him; the sad memories of banished joys and the awful despair of 'There is no God,' within him. These were the Epicureans, and this was their world, their life and their death.

Next the scene changed to a vast desert whose trackless wastes of burning sand reached to the horizon. The sky was brass overhead and the soil was iron underneath. Across this scorching plain were scattered swarms of human beings. Some were stretched listlessly on the sand exposed to the blazing sun. Some stood with folded arms vacantly watching the lazy clouds. Others were lost in unmeaning reveries. Some were crawling on their knees for miles; some piercing their flesh with knives and inflicting every manner of pain on themselves. Here and there were verdant oases, blooming with flowers and fresh with fountains. But these they avoided, plucking no flowers and drinking no draught. Idleness or torture ruled all. The chief aim was either to inflict every possible pang upon themselves or to destroy all their natural impulses and powers and sink themselves into complete passivity to whatever might happen, torpidly waiting for death to release them. They cared for nothing, worked for nothing, loved nothing; for man and all within him, the world and everything in it were entirely evil, and the work of demons. They took nothing, and did no toil for anything, but prayed for the end of their days; for all below was wickedness, vanity and vexation of spirit. Their only hope was that a more auspicious lot awaited them in a future state of being. These were the Mystics, and this was their world and life as they are both in theory and practice.

Once more I looked into the mirror, and Life was represented there under the similitude of a journey which mankind were taking. In a secluded valley, shielded from storms, they began their march with joy and hope. As they advanced, laboring where they went, villages sprang up, harvests waved, cities rose, and the hum of business sounded around them. Still they moved on, sometimes through green and pleasant meadows,—and then they plucked the flowers and inhaled their sweetness with songs of thanksgiving; sometimes over rough and thorny roads with weary limbs and bleeding feet,—and then mutual love soothed their sufferings and the beckoning gleams of Paradise ahead inspired them with renewed energy; sometimes toiling through dust and heat with thirst and exhaustion,—and then they drank from flowing fountains, their sleep was sweet in the bowers of refreshment and God's banner over them was love; sometimes, pausing by the wayside graves of lover, friend, or companion, the tears of bereaved affection fell fast and hot,—and then sprang up from the sod the amaranth of immortality and they kept on their way with subdued rejoicing still; sometimes piercing the sharp thickets of temptation,—and then they overcame victoriously and their wounds were healed and they received honors; sometimes climbing the steep defiles and toilsome heights of self-sacrifice and denial,—and then they reached the mountain-tops of virtue where the air was fresh and the sky was clear and the prospect was glorious. I saw no one was left unassisted and alone, but all were bound together, a band of brothers. And I saw, too, that the old and feeble were as happy and cheerful as the young; for their children's children gathered around them and called them blessed. And when the lamp of life went out they all looked to see it relighted beyond the stars, to burn forever more brightly than the gems of night. These were the Christians, and this was their life below. [Religious Magazine.

THE CHILD ON THE RAILWAY.

A little girl, with a dirty face and dressed in ragged clothing, having a basket half-filled with broken victuals hanging on her arm, was carelessly walking on the track of a railway in one of the city streets. Neither her position nor condition attracted any attention—for children often walk where she was walking, and as for her rags and dirt they are common enough in every great city as every one knows.

The child went on her way, now stopping to pick up a nail, or bit of rag, which had been dropped, no one knew how, and now stopping to examine her basket for some piece of food which might seem nicer than the rest—yet all the time working her way along the track until she came to where it curved into another street. Here for some reason, she stopped again, and in a moment two long cars, fastened together, and well filled with passengers, and drawn by four panting horses, came sweeping round the corner.—The driver gave a lusty shout at the child, and so did two or three persons on the side-walk, but she only seemed confused, and in a moment more was under the horse's feet, and before the speed of the cars could be checked, two great iron wheels had passed over her body. Some kind person immediately picked the body up and carried it into an apothecary's shop on the corner. It was dreadfully cut and bruised, and though they washed the face with water and camphor there were no signs of life. Some one asked if she was killed instantly, and a man replied that he heard a faint groan when he first took her in his arms, but he was pretty sure she did not breathe a minute afterwards.

It is singular how soon a crowd collects in a large city. There are so many persons moving about, and every one so well knows that every one else is in a hurry that the stopping of three or four persons at one place is a sure sign that something out of the ordinary way is going on. So it was not long before the crowd around the apothecary's shop was so great that it was necessary to lock the doors to keep the people out.—In the midst of the confusion a little boy had run off with the crushed basket, and the long cars had gone down to the depot, and the passengers were all on their way to the places to which they were travelling. Perhaps most of them told their friends and acquaintances that the cars, while passing through the city, had run over a little girl, but whether she was, or was not killed, they did not learn.

But around the shop door and among the fluctuating crowd there was a continued taking about the accident. Every one who came up had a word to say about it, and every one who went away acted as though he had left something unsaid. Some declared that there should never be a railway through a city; others that the cars should not be allowed to travel faster than three miles an hour; others again, that the company should have men stationed at every corner along the line; while one gruff-looking man, with a large cane in his hand, said that if people did not want to have their children run over, they ought to keep them at home. It was not the business of the company to take care of every straggling *brat*. Then a man near me asked him if he was not a stockholder; but I did not hear the reply of the gruff man, for just then I fell thinking how the minds of all seemed to turn upon every thing directly or indirectly connected with the accident, *except the killing of the child*. Not a word for the last five or ten minutes had I heard about her. No one had asked her name, or where she lived—whether she had parents or whether she was friendless,—or what they meant to do with the body; and when I ventured to suggest whether some of us had not better be making inquiries as to where her friends lived,—all said that there was no use for us to trouble ourselves, they would look out for that at the station house.

Pretty soon after this the little dirty body which such a short time before was full of life—life that sometimes had a kind of joy in it, notwithstanding it existed under a covering of rags, and sustained by feeding on broken victuals, was brought out of the shop door, laying stiff and almost cold on a window shutter carried by two men. A coarse towel had been thrown over the face, and as the crowd opened to let the men pass, no one said a word; and as they went up the street towards the station house only two or three noisy boys followed them while every one else went on, about his own business.

As I walked homeward, filled with confused and melancholy thoughts,—I met a woman carrying a child in her arms, and in a moment I began to think of my own little one—of the delight which he diffuses in our quiet home, and the nearness with which he lay to his mother's heart and mind. Then my thoughts went swiftly back to the sad scene which I had just left, and I seemed to realize what I had not before—the fraternal relations of the dead child. I did not ask, Had she a father—but had she a mother living? If so, had not that mother feeling; and would not death make the desolation of that home more desolate still? But perhaps the mother was a drunkard—perhaps something worse than that—with a heart not only hard but hardening—but then vice seldom so deadens a mother's heart that a kind of love for her children cannot work inward and outward from it. There will be tears and anguish then, as some rough voice shall tell her that the child is dead, and it will be the bitterness of a sorrow into which there will drop no healing gospel balm, and this is bitterness indeed!

So flowed the current of my thoughts for a little while; then they went out after the child, and I was startled by the question, WHO CARED FOR HER SOUL? The probabilities were against the thought that any had cared for it. There was no household education, except that of vice, where she had lived, that was very plain. It was not likely that she had ever learned even to say, *Now I lay me down to sleep*, or *Our Father who art in Heaven*. She had lived in darkness though the light was all about her. She had lived in heathenism, even in a Christian city. Her soul was daily, and carelessly, if not ignorantly, fluttering over an awful abyss, and though within reach of ten thousand Christian hearts and hands, not one sought to save it, and win it to glory.

Was it strange that I should be deeply impressed by such a view of the mournful history of that poor child, or that I should fail tremblingly to ask whether *I* was wholly clear of responsibility? Since then, as I have looked at the condition of the thousands of careless, ignorant, neglected, and perishing children who throng the streets of the city, is it a wonder that my heart should go out more warmly than of old towards them, that I should feel somewhat keenly in their behalf, and ardently desire, that more of those who profess to love Jesus, who so tenderly loves little children—would give themselves to the work of Sabbath school teaching, and so, by the blessing of God, take some of these little naked feet out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and place them on the Rock of Ages! [N. Y. Observer.

SHORT STORY.—When Mary and I were married we were young and foolish, for we had nothing to be married with; but Mary was delicate, and I thought I could take care of her best. I knew I had a strong arm and a brave heart to depend upon. We rented a chamber and went to house-keeping. We got together a little furniture—a table, bedstead, dishes—but our money failed us before we bought the chairs. I told Mary she must turn up a tub; for I could not run in debt. No, no. It was not long before our rich neighbor, Mrs. M———, found us out, and kindly enough she supplied us; half a dozen chairs added to our stock. They were old ones, to be sure, but answered just as well for us. I shall never forget the new face those chairs put upon our snug quarters—they never looked just right before. The tables turned with Mrs. M——— and me now—she has turned a poor widow. "but she shall never want while I have anything, never!" cried the old man, with a beaming face, "I don't forget these old chairs."

Ah, now the secret was out. It was the *interest of the old chairs* which maintained the poor widow. She was living on the interest and compound interest of a little friendly act done years before, and it sufficed for herself and her daughter.

How beautiful it is to see how God blesses the operation of his great moral law, "Love thy neighbor," and we should oftener see it, could we look into the hidden paths of life, and find that it is not self-interest, not riches, not fame, that binds heart to heart. The simple power of a friendly act can do far more than they. It is these, the friendly acts, the neighborly kindness, the Christian sympathy of one towards another, which rob wealth of its power to curse, extract the bitter from sorrow, and open wells of gladness in desolate homes. We do not always see the golden links shining in the chain of human events; but they are there, and happy is he who feels their gentle but irresistible influence.—[Merchants' Ledger.

THE SULKS.

In Christopher North's new series of articles in Blackwood. entitled, 'Christopher under Canvas,' we find the following capital picture of a boy: a bit of autobiography that is well worth quoting.

'I hereby authorize the boys of this Empire to have what tempers they choose with one sole exception—The Sulks. Once and once only, during one of the longest and best spent lives on record, was I in the mood described, and it endured most of a whole day. The anniversary of that day I always observe, in severest solitude, with a salutary horror. And it is my birth-day. Ask me not, my friends, to reveal the cause. Aloof from confession before men, we must keep to ourselves, as John Foster says, a corner of our own souls. A black corner it is; and enter it with or without a light you see here or there, something dismal, hideous, shapeless, nameless, each lying in its own place on the floor. There lies the cause. It was the morning of my ninth year. As I kept sitting high up stairs by myself, one family face after another kept ever and anon looking at me, all with one expression. And one familiar voice after another all with one tone kept muttering at me, 'He's in his sulks!' How I hated them with an intense hatred, and chiefly them I had loved best, at each opening and each shutting of that door. How I hated myself as my blubbered face grew hotter; and I knew how ugly I must be, with my fixed fiery eyes; it was painful to sit on such a chair for hours in one posture, and to have chained a child would have been great cruelty. But I was resolved to die rather than change it; and had I been told by any one under an angel to get up and go to play, I would have spit in his face. It was a lonesome attic, and I had the fear of ghosts; but not then, my superstitious fancy was quelled by my troubled heart. 'Had I not deserved to be allowed to go? Could any one of them give a reason for not allowing me to go? What right had they to say that if I did go I should never be able to find my way, by myself, back? What right had they to say that Roundy was a blackguard, and that he would lead me to the gallows! Never before in all the world had a good boy been so used on his birth day. They pretend to be sorry when I am sick; and when I say my prayers, they say theirs too; but I am sicker now, and they are not sorry, but angry; there is no use in prayers, and I won't read one verse in my Bible this night, should my aunt go down on her knees.' And in the midst of such unworded soliloquies did the young blasphemer fall asleep.

'I know not how long I slept, but on waking, I saw an angel with a most beautiful face and most beautiful hair—a little young angel—about the same size as myself, sitting on a stool at my feet. 'Are you quite well now Christopher? Let us go to the meadow and gather flowers.' Shame, sorrow, remorse, contrition, came to me with those innocent words; we wept together, and I was comforted. 'I have been sinful.' 'But you are forgiven!' Down the stairs hand in hand we glided, and there was no longer anger in my eyes; the whole house was happy. All voices were kinder, if that were possible, than they had been when I rose in the morning a boy in his ninth year. Parental hands smoothed my hair, parental lips kissed it, and parental greetings, only a little more cheerful than prayers, restored me to the love I had never lost, and which I felt now had animated that brief and just displeasure. Never has Christopher been in his sulks since that day. Beyond doubt I was that day possessed with a devil; and an angel it was that drove him out.'

PUNS.—I have mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I have denominated them—the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words which wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings; the one common and obvious; the other, more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful, that he could never be brought to read the word patriarchs! but whenever he met with it, he always pronounced it partridges. A friend of the writer observed to her that this could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was making game of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase; for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection and calls game; and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression. I have very little to say about puns: they are in very bad repute, and so they ought to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance, which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them: it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution, it has been at last got under and driven into cloisters,—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world. [Sidney Smith.

SCOLDING.—AN ANECDOTE. We will not say that any who have the scolding propensity are absolutely incurable, but we know some very obstinate cases. We also know some persons who have such a happy mental organization, that they never indulge a petulant spirit. An anecdote will illustrate these cases.

Two thriving farmers, A. and B., lived near neighbors, whose wives were patterns of energy, industry, frugality, neatness, etc. Each had been married about fifteen years, and the wife of A. proved to be a termagant, while that of B. had not spoken petulantly since her marriage. These men were one day in the midst of an interesting conversation, when the dinner horn from the house of Mr. A. was sounded, and he said to B.: "I must go at once, or my wife will give me such a lecture." "I really wish," replied B., "that I could hear my wife scold as yours does, for five minutes, just to see how it would sound, for she has never uttered a crooked word since our marriage." "O," said A., "get for your wife a load of crooked wood, and you will hear it, I warrant you, for nothing makes my wife rave equal to that."

Farmer B. kept his own counsel, and when he went to the forest to prepare his year's supply of wood, he was careful to cut each crooked stick on each side of the curve, so as to preserve it entire, and to throw all such sticks in a separate pile, subject to his order. When his old stock of wood was consumed, he collected an entire load of these crooked sticks and deposited them at his door, and said nothing. When he came to dinner the next day, he expected the verification of the prophecy; but the meal as usual was well cooked, and in good time, and his wife came to the board with her usual beneficent smile, and said nothing relative to the wood. As the wood wasted away, his curiosity and anxiety increased, till his wife one day said to him: "Husband, our wood is nearly exhausted and if you have any more like the last you brought me, I wish you would get it, for it is the best I ever had, it fits round the pots and kettles so nicely."

THE REASON WHY. A little fellow came running into the house, exclaiming, "Oh! sister Mary, I've such a pretty thing. It's a piece of glass, and it's all red. When I look through it everything looks red too—the trees, houses, green grass, and your face, and even your blue eyes."

"Yes, John," replied Mary, "it is very beautiful, and let me show you that you can learn a useful lesson from this pretty thing. You remember the other day you thought everybody was cross to you. You said father, mother and I were all the time finding fault with you. Now you were like this piece of glass. Because it is red, everything seen through it looks red; you were cross, so you thought everybody around you was cross too. But when you get up in the morning in a good humor, loving and helping everybody, they too will seem kind and loving toward you. Now remember, brother, and always be what you wish others to be—kind, gentle, loving; and they, seen through this beautiful color of your disposition, will seem more beautiful than ever."

HOW WOULD IT WORK HERE?—The Arabs always allow a man to divorce himself from a wife who does not make good bread. Were such a law in our country, half the young married ladies, we fear, would be in danger of falling back into single blessedness. [Exchange paper.

At Home.

DR. MORTON, Surgeon Dentist, No. 19 Tremont Row opposite the Boston Museum, will personally employ his discovery (Ether,) extract and fill teeth, and insert his beautiful artificial ones, without the slightest pain.
july 27 eoptf.

A YOUNG LADY who can furnish unquestionable references, wishes to engage as an attendant of a lady or family travelling abroad.
Inquire of the Publisher of the Christian Register, No. 22 School street, or at his house, No. 1 Bedford Place
may18 istf

BOOKS PER STEAMER ASIA.

JUST received by LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington street:
David Copperfield, No 15, illustrated.
Vernon's anglo-Saxon Guide. Barnes's do Delectus.
Hallowell's Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales.
Hallowell's Life of Shakspeare.
Do. Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, illustrating early English Authors, 2v 8vo.
Akerman's Coins of the Romans relating to Britain.
Do Introduction to Ancient and Modern Coins.
Do Archæological Index. Celtic, Romano-British and Anglo-Saxon Periods. A Hunter's Life in South Africa, 2v 8vo.
Hunter's Critical and Historical Tracts. No 2—The First Colonists of New England. No 3—Milton.
Curiosities of Heraldry.
Lower's Essay on surnames, 2v. aug3

HYMN BOOK FOR SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOOL HYMN BOOK, for Normal, High, and Grammar Schools.

"We have examined with some care this collection of hymns, and consider it well adapted to be used in our district and other schools, from the variety of the hymns, from their religious character, and from their freedom from sectarianism." N. TILLINGHAST,
Principal of State Normal School at Bridgewater.
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EBEN S. STEARNS,
Principal of State Normal School at West Newton.

Teachers and others interested in Schools are requested to send for copies for examination. It will be published in about ten days. CROSBY & NICHOLS,
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Boots and Shoes made to order at short notice.
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To the Friends of Peace.

THE undersigned has a great number of copies of the Advocate of Peace, (the periodical of the American Peace Society,) for the years 1843, 1844, 1845 and 1846, which, though they have passed the time of their appropriate object, yet, containing many interesting articles and valuable information, may, by dissemination, be instrumental in extending pacific sentiments. With this view, they will be furnished *gratuitously* to any friends of peace in the United States, who will receive them for distribution, and pay for the expense of transmission. Persons desirous of thus aiding the cause of peace, will please send their orders to the undersigned, post paid, specifying the number of copies desired, the direction to which they are to be sent, the mode of conveyance, &c, and they will be forwarded, in the proportions, as to months, in which they are possessed.
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august3 4it No. 4 Waverly Place Boston.

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THE Subscribers would invite the attention of purchasers to their large assortment of COMMUNION WARE, of English and American manufacture, comprising Silver Plated, Plated on Britannia, and Britannia Metal Flagons, Cups, Bowls, Plates, &c. Any pattern of Silver made to order.
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FOR THE HIGHER CLASSES SUN-IN DAY SCHOOLS.

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Boston, Nov. 10, 1849. is3m&os

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Dr. C would respectfully invite all who require Artificial Teeth, in whole or parts of sets, to call and examine specimens, and satisfy themselves as to the superiority and the peculiar and life-like appearance of his Mineral Teeth. Also his new and ingenious method of inserting them. Particular attention paid to FILLING, CLEANSING, and EXTRACTING TEETH.

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april6 3mis9mos

BIBLES.

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The house is situated in Watertown, near the Watertown and West Cambridge Depot, on the FITCHBURG RAILROAD, six miles from Boston, in the midst of extensive and diversified grounds, in the immediate vicinity of the well known Wellington Hill, commanding a wide and beautiful prospect; is well warmed, well ventilated, and supplied with an abundance of pure spring water in each story; also a bathing room, containing a douche, shower bath, &c., &c.

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REFERENCES.—Prof. Beck, Rev. R. M. Hodges, Cambridge. Jas. Brown, Esq., (Little & Brown.) Boston.

For further particulars, address Mr. and Mrs. Mack, care of S. O. Mead, Esq., Boston. tf marc16

Boston, Sept. 4, 1849.

HUBBARD WINSLOW would respectfully inform his patrons and friends, that he has purchased the house formerly occupied by Dr. John Ware, No 6 Allston street, and is preparing it for the future permanent location of his SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, to be resumed on the 24th of this month. He proposes limiting the school, in future, to 40 pupils, with a view to receiving no more than he can have constantly under his direct personal instruction. The rooms are very spacious and airy, and will be fitted up and furnished in the best style. A systematic, thorough course of study will be pursued, such as to qualify young ladies for any situation as teachers, or as members of society. The most careful attention will be paid to their demeanor, and to their moral and religious culture.

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Application may be made at No. 6 Allston street, head of Bullfinch street, at which place parents and guardians are invited to call to see the School Rooms, and confer with the principal. sep29.

HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
AT FRAMINGHAM.

THE Summer Term of this School will commence on Tuesday, the first day of June next. A small number of pupils will be received into the Subscriber's family; and the constant care and attention of himself and his wife will be devoted to them, as regards both their intellectual and moral training.

Terms:—$132, per annum.

REFERENCES. Mr. Geo. B. Emerson, Wm. H. Knight, Esq., Wm. H. Foster, Esq., (Cashier Grocers' Bank) Boston; Rev. A. R. Baker, Medford; Rev. H. F. Edes, Woburn; Mr. J. W. Brown, and J. S. Wheeler, Esq., Framingham. RUFUS F. BREWER.
Framingham, May 11, 1850. 3mos

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AT JAMAICA PLAIN, ROXBURY.

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Application for admission may be made by letter, or by personal interview with the subscriber, at his residence, on Centre street, corner of Pond street, Jamaica Plain, Roxbury. C. M. VINSON.
june22. 1wis.7wos.

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THE Subscriber, ten years resident in Cuba, wishes to give instruction in the *SPANISH LANGUAGE*, to classes or individuals. Apply at No. 1 Bedford Place, where terms and hours will be made known.

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